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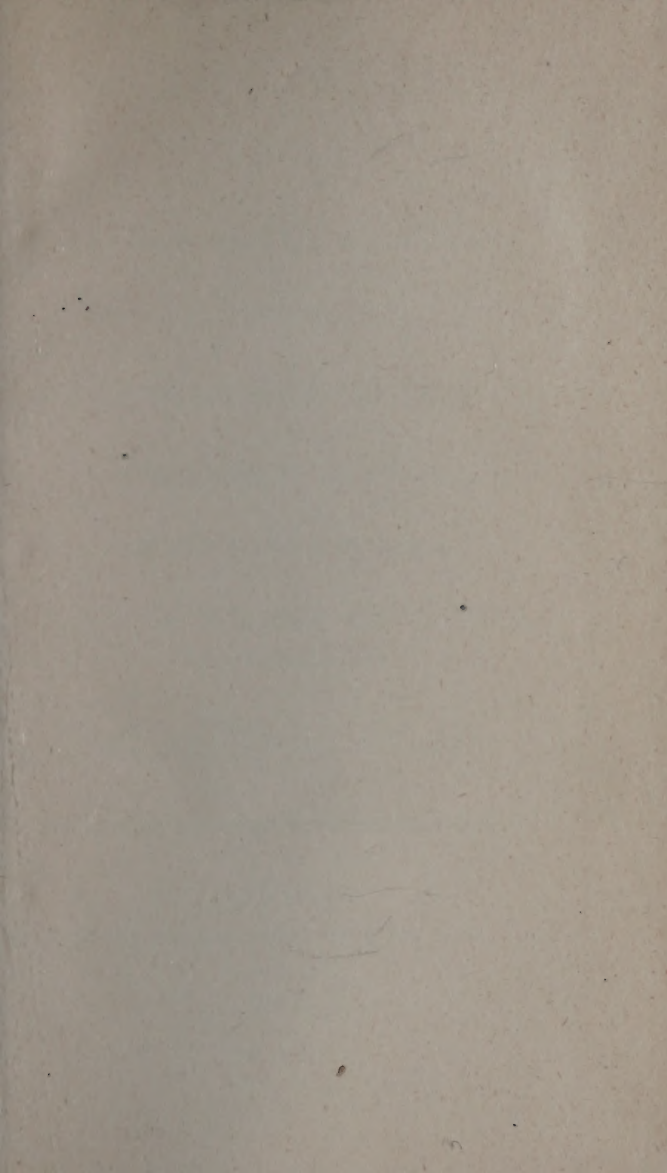
By George Ticknor, Esq.

Received Apr. 26, 1841.

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# ANCIENT BALLADS

FROM THE

CIVIL WARS OF GRANADA,

AND THE

*TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE;*

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY GEORGIANA CAVENDISH,

(Now Lady Morpeth)

*By Thomas Rodd.*

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LONDON:

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY GEORGIANA CAVENDISH.

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Flown the days so great and glorious,  
When the brave adventurous knight  
Triumph'd o'er the foe, victorious  
In the tourney, tilt, and fight!

Flown the days when honor call'd him  
To maintain his fair-one's name!  
Not a rival host appall'd him,  
Still he won the prize of fame.

Yet not flown that godlike spirit,  
Which distinguish'd Britain's race,  
We our father's souls inherit,  
From whose loins our birth we trace.

Where the stormy battle rages,  
    There the daring foe we meet,  
Ship with hostile ship engages,  
    Gallia finds a sure defeat.

Gallia, Holland, Spain no longer,  
    As in ancient days, renown'd;  
Britain daily waxes stronger,  
    Whilst the nations sink around.

Valour her brave sons adorning,  
    Manly sense and virtue rare,  
Toils and dangers nobly scorning,  
    They alone deserve the fair.

Matchless are her daughters, beauteous  
    As the sweet celestial train:  
Well our knees may bend all-duteous,  
    Can our hearts from love refrain.

High indeed, among the fairest,  
    Shin'st thou bright illustrious maid,  
Every virtue too thou sharest  
    In thy lovely looks pourtray'd!

Gentle, generous, condescending,  
Thine is all the native worth  
Of a patriot lineage, blending  
Glory, honor, noble birth.

Fain the high respect I'd shew thee,  
Due to merit great as thine :  
Fain the muse would praise bestow thee,  
And thy brow with laurels twine.

*It is requested no person will attempt to set any of the Ballads in this Volume to Music, as they are already in the hands of eminent Composers, and will be published by Subscription, whereof due Notice will be given.*

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#### ERRATA :

Page 26, line 17, for *love* read *leave*.  
64, — 8, — *most* — *quite*.  
105, — 10, — *too* — *you*.

BALLAD I.

ALABEZ AND QUIÑONERO.



“ Christian captive, let not fortune

“ Cast thy noble spirit down,

“ Fear not thou thy name to tell me,

“ Nought shall fully thy renown.

“ For altho’ you are my prisoner,

“ Yet with ransom soon you may,

“ If you will the truth discover,

“ Freely journey on your way.”

“ My name, signor, is Quiñonero,

“ Lorca is my native place ;

“ Fear’s a stranger to my bosom,

“ I am of a noble race.

“ Such the chance of fickle war is,  
“ Such the fortune of the brave,  
“ To-morrow you may be my captive,  
“ Tho’ to-day I bow your slave.

“ Ask me then and I will tell you,  
“ Let what will my fate befall ;  
“ Think not fear witholds my speaking,  
“ I shall dare to tell you all.”

“ Hark ! I hear the trumpets founding,  
“ See the streaming colours flow ;  
“ Horse and foot I hear them trampling,  
“ Where yon peaceful olives grow.

“ And I wish, bold Quiñonero,  
“ Much to know the names they bear,  
“ What the standards, who the warriors,  
“ In yon fierce battalion are ?”

“ That red flag with six gold arrows,  
“ And rich gold embroider’d round,  
“ Is of Murcia’s royal kingdom,  
“ By the christians much renown’d.



“ And the one, whose shining blazon

“ Doth a king in armour shew,

“ Is of Lorca, as you often

“ To your sad experience know.

“ For 'tis on Granada's frontiers,

“ And its utmost limit bounds ;

“ Foremost in the shock of battle,

“ When the martial trumpet founds.

“ They are a brave and gallant people,

“ And in feats of arms excel :

“ If ought else you choose to ask me,

“ Signor, I no more can tell.

“ Hasten quick, prepare for combat,

“ For your spoils they will contend :

“ Hark ! with shouts they come to meet you,

“ And your bold excursions end.”

“ True, they hasten ! gracious Alla,

“ Deign my fervent prayers to hear,

“ If they once our ramparts enter,

“ Then our fate will be severe.

- “ For if with unequal’d valour,  
    “ They should force a passage through,  
“ Well it may be then imagin’d  
    “ What dire slaughter must ensue.
- “ Friends, to arms! they come like lions,  
    “ Nothing their swift course impedes ;  
“ Sound the trumpets, let th’ Alhambra  
    “ Hear our great and gallant deeds !”

BALLAD II.

BATTLE OF LORCA.



In the walls of rich Granada,  
Hark! what mean those rude alarms?  
In the streets of the Gomeles,  
Trumpets call the brave to arms.

At Abidbar's princely palace,  
For his martial prowess fam'd,  
Soldiers there are call'd together,  
And a fally thus proclaim'd.

“ Friends, I mean to scour fair Lorca,  
“ Friends, I mean to scour its field,  
“ Three Alcaydes will attend me,  
“ To my standard honor yield.

“ Almoradi of fair Guadix,  
     “ Valiant and of royal race,  
 “ And the gallant Abenaziz,  
     “ Baza is his native place.

“ Last comes Alabez of Vera,  
     “ An undaunted matchless knight,  
 “ Well he knows to lead the soldiers,  
     “ Well to lead the doubtful fight.”

Now in Vera they assemble,  
     And a general council hold,  
 Carthagena's field to enter,  
     Such their resolution bold,

Alabez they make their General,  
     For his skill in arms renown'd ;  
 Here twelve more Alcaydes join them  
     From the neighb'ring cities round.

Needless here it is to name them ;—  
     Now the Moors their march begin,  
 By the fountain of fair Pulpe,  
     Where Los Peynes haven's seen.

Onward then tow' rds Carthagena  
 Their destructive road they take,  
 Riches, cattle, Christian prisoners,  
 Spoils in vast abundance make.

Thus the country round they ravage,  
 Thus they scour it far and near,  
 From the border of Saint Ginès,  
 To the edge of Pinatar.

Tow' rds fair Vera then returning  
 With the wealth of foes so bold,  
 And at Puntaron arriving,  
 They a second council hold.

Whether they should pass by Lorca,  
 Or the sea-coast march along,  
 Alabez the first determines,  
 For the Moorish host was strong.

And to shew how light he priz'd it,  
 And his fierce disdain to prove,  
 Now with drums and trumpets founding,  
 They in stately columns move.

When in Lorca and in Murcia  
 This event so great was known,  
 Forth they fall with the captain  
 Of Aledo, nam'd Lisòn.

Close beside the Alporchones,  
 Onward as they march with speed,  
 They discern the Moorish warriors,  
 Who the Christians little heed.

With them was a noble captive,  
 One of an illustrious fame,  
 Lorca was his native city,  
 Quiñonero was his name.

When brave Alabez descry'd them,  
 Much his wonder he express'd,  
 To his Christian prisoner turning,  
 Quiñonero he address'd:—

“ Quiñonero, tell me truly,  
 “ As you are a noble knight,  
 “ Whence those standards by yon olives,  
 “ Signals of the bloody fight?”



Quiñonero soon replying,  
Did in answer truly say,  
“ They are of Lorca, and of Murcia,  
“ Of none other cities they.

“ Save, Aledo’s brave commander,  
“ Sprung of France’s royal blood,  
“ Noble, and exceeding valiant,  
“ In the combat few so good.

“ All their steeds are stout and haughty,  
“ Train’d in battle to engage.”

Valiant Alabez thus answer’d,  
Mad with fury, stung with rage.

“ Tho’ their steeds are stout and haughty,  
“ They the ramparts shall not gain,  
“ If they bravely once leap over,  
“ Great the loss we must sustain.”

Whilst thus eagerly discoursing,  
Came Ribera’s daring band,  
And fair Lorca’s good Alcayde ;  
Who can their joint force withstand ?

That Alcayde is Faxardo.—

“ Hark! the trumpet calls away.”

He is brave, his people valiant—

“ Hark again! I must not stay.”

In the first severe encounter,

They the daring Moors subdue,

Tho' their numbers were superior,

Yet they force the ramparts through.

Alabez a place clears round him,

Of such wond'rous strength was he,

'Mongst the Christians makes such slaughter,

'Twas a grief the deed to see.

Valiant were the Christian heroes,

Nothing could resist their might,

Moors they slew in such vast numbers,

'Twas a still more wond'rous fight.

With three hundred horse retiring,

The poor wreck that only 'scapes,

By the side of Aguderas,

Now his flight Abidbar shapes.

Alabez by brave Faxardo

Was a hapless captive made,

When Abidbar reach'd Granada,

There his life the forfeit paid.

BALLAD III.

KING JOHN AND ABENAMAR.



- “ Abenamar, Abenamar,  
“ Valiant knight of Moorish birth,  
“ The day that you were born discover'd  
“ Signs in heaven, and signs in earth.  
  
“ The raging sea was calm and quiet,  
“ And the moon increas'd on high,  
“ Moor that's born beneath these omens,  
“ He should scorn to tell a lie.”

Thus did Abenamar answer,  
You shall well hear what he said:—  
“ A lie, Signor, I will not tell you,  
“ 'Tho' my life the forfeit paid.

- “ From a noble Moor, my father,  
“ And a Christian captive sprung,  
“ Often would my mother tell me,  
“ When I was an urchin young,  
“ That to utter wilful falsehood  
“ Did all other guilt excel :  
“ Speak Signor, and I will answer,  
“ I the truth will simply tell.”
- “ Abenamar, much I thank thee  
“ For this generous speech of thine ;  
“ Say what castles are those yonder,  
“ Castles high that brightly shine ?”
- “ One, my lord, is the Alhambra,  
“ One a Mosque for worship pure,  
“ The other is the Alijares,  
“ That shall endless fame procure.
- “ For the skilful Moor who built it,  
“ A hundred doubloons gain'd a day ;  
“ And the day he would not labour  
“ Did the same a forfeit pay.

“ The other is the Generalife,  
“ For its beauteous gardens fam’d;  
“ And the last a strong-built castle,  
“ By the Moors the Red Tow’r nam’d.”

Thus the king Don John he answer’d,  
You shall hear what he reply’d:—

“ If you chuse to keep Granada,  
“ You must now become my bride.\*

“ And the day we are united,  
“ And the nuptial rites are o’er,  
“ Rich Seville and proud Cordova,  
“ These shall be your wedding dow’r.”

“ Don John I am already marry’d,  
“ And no widow left forlorn,  
“ The Moor I serve he loves me dearly,  
“ Dearer far than any born.”

\* The city of Granada is here personified under the name of Abenamar,



BALLAD IV.

THE MASTER OF CALATRAVA.



Heavens, how noble is the Master!

What a brave adventurous knight!

How he scours Granada's Vega,

Daring her best sons to fight!

From the fountain of the Pine

To the mountain capp'd with snow,

See the Moors, and see the Christians,

Nimbly riding to and fro.

Dauntless see the gallant Master

To th' Elvira gate advance,

Tho' the gate is massy iron,

Thro' and thro' he strikes his lance.

BALLAD V.

BATTLE OF THE MASTER OF CALA-  
TRAVA AND MUZA.



Roseate tints begild the morning,  
At the early dawn of day,  
When impatient forth to battle  
Gallant Muza hastes away.

Riding with the king, his brother,  
And two hundred in his train,  
Moors of valour, to escort him  
To and from the hostile plain.

Green and gold was Muza's livery,  
Green and gold his cap and crest ;  
On his robe was woven the letter  
That Daraxa's name express'd.

Much he lov'd the beauteous maiden,  
She repaid him with disdain;  
Dances, tilts, and gallant tourneys,  
In her honor all in vain.

Yet, such playful love's caprice is,  
For his sake another bleeds,  
Fatima of Zegrie lineage,  
She the tender passion feeds.

Ah! sweet maid, thou art doom'd to languish,  
Pity's all he can bestow;  
Blame not thou, for he too suffers  
Pangs of keen unheeded woe.

On his shield a heart fast bleeding  
In a damsel's hand he bore,  
And this motto round the border,  
Wrought in gold, "It merits more."

Hark! I hear the clarions sounding,  
Hear the clarions brisk reply;  
Muza's first, and then the Master's—  
See the chiefs approaching nigh!

Courteous they salute each other,  
Courteous vaunt their mutual fame.  
“ Knight your noble looks discover  
“ What your martial deeds proclaim.”

Now the king has given the signal,  
Now they wheel their horses round,  
And to join in doubtful combat  
Swiftly o'er the Vega bound.

Rude the shock yet neither hero  
From his firm fix'd seat is thrown,  
And his lance, no wound inflicting,  
Pierces through the shield alone.

Muza's steed was light and active,  
Whilst the Master's greatly toils,  
Muza, as he lifts, assails him,  
And in every onset foils.

Don Rodrigo, this perceiving,  
As he marks the foe advance,  
In his mighty strength confiding,  
Soon resolves to throw his lance.

High he rose upon his stirrups,  
Whizzing in the air it flew,  
Muza, stooping nimbly shunn'd it,  
But it pierc'd his charger through.

Nimbly from his back alighting,  
The bold Master does the same ;  
Forth their sabres fly, and battling  
Foot to foot the heroes came.

Muza wound ; the gallant Master,  
Furious he the wound repays :  
At a blow he cleaves his helmet,  
Scattering sparks a thousand ways.

Now again his arm he raises,  
Muza lifts his shield to guard,  
Swift as thought the Master strikes him  
On the thigh below his ward.

Fast he bled, but yet his spirits  
Long the raging fight withstood,  
Till he fainter grew and fainter,  
Drooping with the loss of blood.

Nobly then did Don Rodrigo  
Stop the meditated blow,  
And some paces back receding  
Thus exclaim'd the generous foe:—

“ We, brave Muza, fight for honor,  
“ Not like tygers, to destroy ;  
“ Ill methinks these bloody combats  
“ Suit the happy hours of joy.

“ Each has amply prov'd his valour,  
“ Now let meek-ey'd friendship reign,  
“ Springing, in auspicious moment,  
“ On this war-devoted plain.”

Muza all attentive listens,  
And he feels the Master's worth ;  
“ Bleft,” cry'd he, “ be every moment  
“ When pure friendship finds a birth !

“ True indeed I'm badly wounded,  
“ Yet the duty of a knight,  
“ I will, if you please, accomplish,  
“ And till death adventurous fight.



“ No!—I see your noble bosom

“ Rather seeks a faithful friend ;

“ Here then our rude contest ceases,

“ Here our fierce encounters end.”

Both were conq'rors ; both the heroes,

Greater than in war's alarms,

Drop the sword, and, pressing forward,

Rush into each others arms.

BALLAD VI.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.



Softly blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night,  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every gleam of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zayda,  
Whom he loves with love so pure ;  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,  
Oft he paces to and fro ;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow

Hope and fear alternate teize him,  
Oft he sighs with heart felt care.—  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory.  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When some horrid storm is dispersing,  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely  
To her longing lover's sight  
Steals half seen the beautiful maiden,  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night!

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh;  
"Alla keep thee, lovely lady,  
"Tell me, am I doom'd to die?"

“ Is it true the dreadful story,  
“ Which thy damsel tells my page,  
“ That, seduc'd by fordid riches,  
“ Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

“ An old lord from Antiquera  
“ Thy stern father brings along :  
“ But canst thou, inconstant Zayda,  
“ Thus consent my love to wrong?

“ If 'tis true now plainly tell me,  
“ Nor thus trifle with my woes ;  
“ Hide not then from me the secret,  
“ Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,  
While the pearly tears descend ;  
“ Ah! my lord, too true the story,  
“ Here our tender loves must end.

“ Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
“ Well are known our mutual vows ;  
“ All my friends are full of fury ;  
“ Storms of passion shake the house.

“ Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;

“ My stern father breaks my heart ;

“ Alla knows how dear it costs me,

“ Generous youth from thee to part.

“ Ancient wounds of hostile fury

“ Long have rent our house and thine ;

“ Why then did thy shining merit

“ Win this tender heart of mine ?

“ Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee

“ Spite of all their hateful pride,

“ Tho' I fear'd my haughty father,

“ Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

“ Well thou know'st what cruel chidings

“ Oft I've from my mother borne,

“ What I've suffered here to meet thee

“ Still at eve and early morn.

“ I no longer may resist them :

“ All to force my hand combine ;

“ And to-morrow to thy rival

“ This weak frame I must resign.

“ Yet think not thy faithful Zayda  
“ Can survive so great a wrong :  
“ Well my breaking heart assures me  
“ That my woes will not be long.

“ Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!  
“ Farewell too my life with thee !  
“ Take this scarf a parting token ;  
“ When thou wear’st it think on me.

“ Soon, lov’d youth, some worthier maiden,  
“ Shall reward thy generous truth ;  
“ Sometimes tell her how thy Zayda,  
“ Died for thee in prime of youth.”

To him all amazed, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart ;  
Deep he sigh’d, then cry’d, “ O Zayda,  
“ Do not, do not break my heart.

“ Canst thou think I thus will love thee ?  
“ Canst thou hold my love so small ?  
“ No! a thousand times I’ll perish !  
“ My curst rival too shall fall,

“Canst thou, wilt thou thus yield to them?”

“O break forth, and fly to me!

“This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,

“These fond arms shall shelter thee.”

“’Tis in vain, in vain, Alcazor,

“Spies furround me, bars secure;

“Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

“Whilst my damsel keeps the door.

“Hark! I hear my father storming!

“Hark! I hear my mother chide!

“I must go, farewell for ever!

“Gracious Alla be thy guide!”

SONNET.



Tears, that in vain essay'd to move  
The cruel heart of her I love,  
Return unnotic'd to the sea,  
Ye flow'd from it, ye flow from me.

Yet the hard rock your drops impress'd  
When sorrow tore my aching breast,  
Such was the sign that Zayde gave  
That Zayde was to love a slave.

Tears that in vain essay'd to move  
The cruel heart of her I love,  
Return unnotic'd to the sea,  
Ye flow'd from it, ye flow from me.



BALLAD VII.

ZAYDA AND ZAYDE.



- “ Zayde, hence ! I give you warning,  
“ Walk not up and down the street ;  
“ With my damsels hold no converse,  
“ Nor yet with my captives treat.
- “ Ask no more what scenes employ me,  
“ Whom I entertain a guest ;  
“ Or what fêtes will most delight me,  
“ Or what colours please me best.
- “ Enough that for your sake these colours  
“ Blushing in my face are seen,  
“ Conscious that I once regarded  
“ One that has so thoughtless been.

- “ I confefs that you are valiant,  
“ None your courage have withstood  
“ And that you have flain more christians  
“ Than your veins have drops of blood
- “ That you are a gallant captain,  
“ And can manage well the ſteed,  
“ That you dance and ſing moſt ſweetly,  
“ And in noble birth exceed.
- “ That your countenance is manly,  
“ And your lineage too is fair ;  
“ That you are the prince of heroes,  
“ Graceful too beyond compare.
- “ That my lofs is great to loſe you,  
“ And to win you great my gain ;  
“ Born but dumb I had ador'd you,—  
“ You had never lov'd in vain.
- “ Speech for once was not a bleſſing,  
“ Better far the gift reject,  
“ For your tongue, too much aſſuming,  
“ Paid my love no kind reſpect.

- “ The fond maid that grants you favor,  
“ To avoid unseen disgrace,  
“ In your breast must plant a fortress,  
“ O'er your lips a Governor place.
- “ For your gallantry and valour  
“ Will the ladies bosoms fire ;  
“ Gallantry's our sex's idol,  
“ Zayde, we the brave admire.
- “ Therefore when you make a banquet,  
“ Of your dainties let them eat ;  
“ And your friends in prudent silence  
“ Of your choicest dishes treat.
- “ Costly was your feast thro' speaking,  
“ Ventrous was it in extreme ;  
“ Would you knew but to preserve me,  
“ As to win my fond esteem !
- “ Scarce you went from Tarfe's garden,  
“ When a public boast you made,  
“ And to your's and my misfortune  
“ Your true lady's gift display'd.

“ To a Moor of little honor  
“ You expos’d the wreath of hair,  
“ That upon your turban binding,  
“ I so fondly planted there.”

“ Not to keep it, or return it,  
“ Will I make my poor request ;  
“ But I plainly tell you, Zayde,  
“ It is to my grief possess’d.”

“ If I laugh, ’tis at your folly,  
“ Folly so untimely shewn ;  
“ Will another keep your secrets,  
“ When you cannot keep your own ?”

“ Zayde, go, I will not hear you,  
“ False excuses I despise,  
“ Henceforth never more address me,  
“ Ne’er behold me with your eyes.”

Thus, to the Abencerrage,  
Did the fair her wrath display,  
Adding, as he leaves her presence,  
“ So should love’s offenders pay !”

BALLAD VIII.

ZAYDE.



Beauteous Zayda, sweet enchantress,  
Fair as pencil ever drew,  
Of the Moorish ladies loveliest,  
And the most ungrateful too.

In whose tresses Cupids lurking,  
Wanton gambols flily play,  
Hearts a thousand daily stealing,  
Stealing only to betray.

What's thy pleasure, cruel fair one,  
Thus to raise my hopes to joy,  
And so soon, with change inconstant,  
Every valu'd hope destroy?

Ab, sweet foe, so pure a passion  
    Ill indeed thou pay'ft as mine!  
Ill reward'ft the tender offerings  
    At thy beauty's honor'd shrine!

Vows that seem'd so fair and faithful  
    To the sportive winds you gave;  
Wings they took, for they were Zayda's,  
    But they left me still her slave.

Art thou then so soon forgetful  
    Of those proofs of fondness past?  
Favors over-high too often  
    End in empty air at last.

And does memory no more tell thee,  
    Round thy palace, with delight,  
How thine eyes beheld thy Zayde  
    Happy in his Zayda's fight?

To thy windows when approaching  
    If thou didst not find him near,  
Jealous love thy bosom firing  
    Thought no more he held thee dear.

How, alas! has he offended,  
That he may no more be seen?  
Why forbidd'n again to visit  
Haunts where he so blest has been?

Why may he no longer send thee  
Lines of sweet impassion'd love?  
Fated now with scorn to fill thee,  
Not thy wonted joy to move.

All the favors, all the friendship,  
All the love you once express'd,  
Were too clearly false and faithless,  
And in thoughtless haste profess'd.

For thou art a fickle woman,  
Woe is me! to change inclin'd;  
Him that quite forgets thee loving,  
To thine own fond youth unkind.

Yet altho' you hate me, cruel!  
Never shalt thou Zayde blame;  
Icy cold may be thy bosom,  
His shall burn with ardent flame.

With a thousand thousand favors  
    Shall he thy disdain repay.—  
Love, that is in honor founded,  
    From its object scorns to stray.

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## BALLAD IX.

### THE CANE-PLAY.

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Away, away! retire, retire!  
    To the sound of fifes and drums,  
Muza with his gallant squadron  
    To the Bibarrambla comes.

Thirty bold Abencerrages  
    His illustrious band contains,  
All in blue and silver liveries,  
    Hastening to the sport of Canes.



Golden cyphers and rich borders  
Their respondent shields furround :  
Mares as white as swans they ride on,  
All their tails with ribbons bound.

Like the wind they swiftly gallop  
O'er the Bibarrambla square ;  
In the gay balconies wounding  
Thousands of the Moorish fair.

Now the martial music sounding  
With address the canes they throw ;  
But it seems more like a battle,  
They so warm and furious grow.

And, alas! there is no friendship,  
That's a lance which seem'd a cane,  
Valiant Alabez is wounded,  
But the treacherous Zegri slain.

This the Little King observing,  
Mounts his steed, a shining bay ;  
In his hand he bears a truncheon,  
And he raves, " Away, away ! "

Soon the king is known by Muza,  
Who escapes through Zacatin  
With his troop, nor rests a moment,  
Till th' Alhambra safe within.

To the fort of Bibatambin  
Back the Zegri bands resort,  
All Granada's in confusion,  
All the city, all the court.

SONG.



Divine Galiana, passing fair  
Like her that did the apple gain,  
The cause of that disastrous war,  
Which ruin'd Troy's devoted plain.

He that shall call thy charms his own,  
Thy lovely face that sweetly smiles,  
May boast of joys to all unknown,  
Save Mars entrapt in Vulcan's toils.  
A nymph, like Helen's self, may boast,  
That drew from Greece the warrior host.

Ah! since thy beauty, unexcell'd,  
Has long my heart a captive held,  
Let not Anaxarete's hate,  
In thee reviv'd, become my fate;  
But as thou art a goddess born,  
So let me not expire forlorn.

BALLAD X.

ALABEZ.



Saddle me the Alcayde's steed  
Of Los Velez, the bright grey ;  
Bring me the stout shield of Fez,  
I must to the field away.

Bring the coat of mail, and lance,  
With the point of temper'd steel ;  
A strong helmet, and a cap ;  
Purple let the hue reveal ;

White and yellow be the plumes !  
And the jacket too I'll wear,  
Beauteous Cohaida work'd,  
Zelin Hamet's daughter fair.

And the rich medallion bring ;  
    Round it a light wreath is seen ;  
Brightest emeralds are the leaves,  
    Like the laurel, ever-green.

Let my lady hasten out,  
    Tell her I am going to fight.  
If her lovely eyes but smile,  
    Evil cannot harm her knight.

BALLAD XI.

FATIMA AND XARIFA.



On St. John's auspicious morning,  
At the early dawn of day,  
On the Vega of Granada  
Moors a gallant fête display.

Nimbly wheeling round their horses,  
Couching all their lances low,  
That by fair and favourite ladies,  
Banners wrought, like streamers, flew.

For their canes the costliest quivers  
Of rich gold and silk they wear ;  
He that feels love's generous passion,  
Nobly seeks to prove it there.

And he that love has never wounded  
    Freely seeks to lose his heart,  
Whilst the ladies from th' Albambra  
    See him play a gallant part.

Two amongst these beauteous ladies  
    Bow'd to love's resistless pow'r.  
Once true friends, but jealous envy  
    Chas'd away that happy hour.

“ Ah!” cry'd Xarifa, “ my sister,  
    “ Love I see has touch'd your breast,  
“ Once a bloom adorn'd that visage,  
    “ Now with pallid looks imprefs'd.

“ Once you laugh'd at love's soft passion,  
    “ Now you're silent as the night:  
“ Hasten hither to the window,  
    “ And the youth shall bless your sight.

“ You shall see Abindarraez  
    “ On the Vega nimbly ride.”

Gently Fatima thus answer'd,  
    Gently did the maiden chide.

“ Love has never touch'd my bosom,  
“ Never yet of love I thought,  
“ If my face has lost its colour,  
“ Grief the sudden change has wrought.

“ For my father am I grieving,  
“ Alabez my father flew.  
“ If to love I chose to listen  
“ Mutual love would soon ensue :

“ Mutual love from some young hero,  
“ Great in honors, great in birth,  
“ As the noble youth you are praising,  
“ Tho' I do not doubt his worth.”

Here the conversation ended,  
Turning tow'rds her valiant Moor,  
Fatima his feats attended,  
Till the manly sports were o'er.



BALLAD XII.

GALIANA.



In the parlour of Comares,  
Fair as beauty's lovely queen,  
On a scarf her skill exerting,  
Blooming Galiana's seen.

For the valiant Sarracino  
To the play of canes to bear;  
'Tis of such a wond'rous value,  
That it passes all compare.

Small and large pearls thick adorn it,  
Gold embroidery rich and fine,  
Emeralds green, and glowing rubies,  
On it all refulgent shine.

With his lady's smiles delighted,  
Was the brave and gallant Moor,  
In his heart he wears her image,  
In his soul does her adore.

But if the sincerest passion  
In his faithful bosom dwells,  
How much more the fair one loves him,  
Her fond flame his own excels.

Well indeed does he deserve it,  
Such his valour, such his birth,  
That of all Granada's nobles  
None can boast superior worth.

Many a courteous knight had serv'd her,  
But could ne'er her love obtain,  
Only valiant Sarracino  
Did a smile of favor gain.

Abenamar was forsaken  
For her Sarracino's sake,  
And they live in hopes most pleasing  
Soon a wedded pair to make.


Soon that \*Zambras and rejoicings  
Shall proclaim the blest'd event ;  
For her father knows their wishes,  
And they have the king's consent.

\* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

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## BALLAD XIII.

### THE CANE-TILT OF TOLEDO.



Sarracinoes, Aliatares,  
Eights to eights, and tens to tens,  
'Gainst Alarifes and Azarques  
In Toledo tilt with canes.

Brave Atarfe of Granada,  
And Zayde fair Belchite's king,  
Peace had made, and hence these tourneys,  
Hence these great rejoicings spring.

Others say they were commanded  
For fair Zelindaxa's sake.  
And this peace Toledo's sovereign  
A pretence was glad to make.

First the Sarracinoes entered,  
Each upon a sorrel steed,  
All in green and orange liveries,  
That in beauty far exceed.

Scimitars, for their devices,  
On their trusty targets stood,  
Bent like fatal bows of Cupid,  
With this motto, "Valour, blood."

Following next in equal splendour  
Were the Aliatares seen,  
All in glossy scarlet liveries,  
Wove with foliage white between.

For device the mighty heavens  
Borne by Atlas stout and bold;  
With these letters wrote beneath them,  
"Till I'm weary these I hold."

Then the Alarifes follow'd,  
All in dreffes gay and new ;  
Brightest red, and palest yellow,  
Silken scarfs of various hue.

On their shields they bore a savage,  
He a rugged knot affails,  
On his club was this inscription  
In gold letters, " Strength prevails."

Last the eight Azarques enter'd,  
More superb than all the rest ;  
Blue and purple were their liveries,  
And their plumes with foliage dress'd.

Green their shields, blue heavens upon them,  
Thence two issuing hands were seen,  
With a scroll this motto bearing,  
" All perfection lies in green."

\*One alone a sun resplendent  
Bore triumphant on his shield,  
And this motto proud beneath it,  
" All shall to my glory yield."

\* The sense of the two ensuing verses seeming very obscure, I thought proper to add this versè.

Much it hurts the monarch's feelings  
To be mock'd before all eyes,  
And to see the bold Azarque  
His concerted fêtes despise.

Thus he cried to his Alcayde,  
“ Celin, I'll put down that fun,  
Since before us all so proudly  
Thus its course it dares to run.

Now th' Azarque \*reeds is throwing,  
And so high he throws them all,  
That no eye can e'en discover  
Where they mount, or where they fall.

\* A curious custom is here recorded, which you have under the word Behordos, in Delpino's Spanish Dictionary. “Behordo—Any sort of rush, but particularly the great rush, that has a long round head, like velvet; (*i. e.* the ball-rush) also small rods, which the gentry, riding abroad on Midsummer-day in the morning, to divert themselves dart up into the air; perhaps in some places they used these rushes.

All the ladies from the windows  
    Lean to see his great address;  
In the royal booth delighted  
    They applaud his skill no less.

Whilst advancing, or retreating,  
    Still it was the vulgar cry,  
Alla guard thee, bold Azarque!—  
    Fain the king had seen him die.

Zelindaxa, to refresh him,  
    Water from the windows threw,  
Royal favors disrespecting,  
    Then the king impatient grew.

“Seize him,” cried he, “quickly seize him!”  
    (Some suppos'd the sports were o'er;)  
But the king aloud repeated,  
    “Seize th' Azarque chief,” once more.

Canes the two first troops forsaking,  
    Now their lances boldly seize,  
And towards th' Azarque hasten,  
    Willing their great king to please.

When his will a monarch shews,  
Who shall dare his own discover,  
Scorn his passion, and oppose  
The wishes of a royal lover?

The last two troops had fain resisted,  
But th' Azarque nobly cried,  
“ Friends, tho' love no law confesses,  
“ We must by the laws abide.

“ Raise not then your arms rebellious,  
“ Tho' my foes their lances keep:  
“ Hark! they shout already victory—  
“ They may joy, but I must weep.”

When his will a monarch shews,  
Who shall dare his own discover,  
Scorn his passion and oppose  
The wishes of the royal lover?

Now the gallant Moor was taken ;  
But in bands the people join,  
To preserve him from the prison  
Where he must in chains repine.



But the people had no leader  
    To direct them where to bend;  
Thus the different bands were scatter'd,  
    Quickly did the tumult end.

When his will a monarch shews,  
    Who shall dare his own discover,  
Scorn his passion, and oppose  
    The wishes of the royal lover?

Zelindaxa still cry'd, "free him,  
    "Free him from the tyrant's hands!"  
And was from the window leaping,  
    Mad to tear away his bands.

But her angry mother clasp'd her  
    In her arms with all her might.  
"Rash!" said she, "what are you doing,  
    "Have you lost your senses quite?"

When his will a monarch shews,  
    Who shall dare his own discover,  
Scorn his passion, and oppose  
    The wishes of the royal lover?

Soon the monarch sent his orders,  
That she should be close confin'd,  
In the house of some relation,  
Till she came to better mind.

“ If,” cry’d she, “ he dooms confinement,  
“ I will not a prison refuse;  
“ But the heart of my Azarque  
“ Is the only prison I chuse.”

When his will a monarch shews,  
Who shall dare his own discover,  
Scorn his passion, and oppose  
The wishes of the royal lover?

BALLAD XIV.

THE DEATH OF ALBAYALDOS.



With three deadly gashes wounded,  
Noble Albayaldos lies ;  
Fast the purple tide is streaming,  
Fast he heaves convulsive sighs.

In rude contest with the Master  
This dire mischief did he gain :  
Weltering in his gore behold him,  
Agoniz'd with mortal pain.

Now he turns his eyes to heaven,  
Uttering from his heart's recess :  
“ Help me, help me, blessed Jesus,  
“ Help me in this deep distress !

- “ Of my faults no more accuse me,  
“ Save me by thy mighty pow’r :  
“ Leave me not a prey to Satan  
“ In my last expiring hour.
- “ Friendship’s voice had I but follow’d  
“ This had never been my state.  
“ Tho’ my body’s doom’d to perish,  
“ Be not such, my soul, thy fate !
- “ Into thy dear hands I trust it  
“ Who redeem’st me on the cross.  
“ Hear my prayers, and let thy mercy  
“ Save me from eternal loss.
- “ All I ask thee, noble Muza,  
“ All the comfort thou canst give,  
“ Is beneath this pine to lay me,  
“ Soon as I shall cease to live.
- “ When thou see’st the king, thy brother,  
“ Tell him I fell like a man,  
“ That I died a faithful Christian,  
“ And forswore the Alcoran.”

BALLAD XV.

BATTLE OF THE MASTER OF CALA-  
TRAVA AND ALIATAR.



From Granada briskly fallies  
Aliatar to range the plain,  
Cousin to noble Albayaldos,  
By the Master battle-flain.

Strong and stubborn was his armour,  
Black his lance, and black his shield;  
Darkest blue his cap and plumage,  
Black the steed he rode a-field.

Full of wrath he leaps astride him,  
Swiftly through the New square flies;  
Looks not e'en upon the Darro,  
Tho' across the bridge he hies.

Through the Elvira gate he hastens,  
Takes the Antequera road,  
Thinking of his slaughter'd cousin,  
Vengeance does his bosom goad.

Alla! bring the Master near me,  
Well shall he the deed repay!  
To fair Loxa now approaching  
A bright troop obstructs the way.

Waving in their banners centre  
A red cross he sees appear,  
Fearless then he thus address'd them,  
“ Is the gallant Master here?”

“ What's your pleasure?” cried the Master,  
“ Is it me to whom you'd speak?”  
By the red cross then he knew him,  
Knew the knight he came to seek.

For upon his breast he wore it,  
And it shone upon his shield.  
Aliatar at length salutes him,  
Glad to meet him in the field.

“ I am Albayaldos’ coufin,  
“ Him that in the fight you flew,  
“ And I come, fo Alla grant me!  
“ To revenge his death on you.”

This the valiant Master hearing,  
Wheels his steed without delay,  
And with fury both advancing  
Thus begin the bloody fray.

Long they combat, deeply wounding,  
But the Master was so bold,  
That the Moor could not withstand him,  
Nor the dreadful contest hold.

On the spot the Master flays him,  
Mighty is the warlike deed ;  
Off he takes his head, and hangs it  
On the breast-plate of his steed.

With three wounds profusely bleeding  
Back he hastens to his friends ;  
To a safe retreat they bear him,  
And beneath their care he mends.

BALLAD XVI.

THE BULL-FEAST.



In the court of king Boabdil  
Was a glorious fête display'd,  
Zambras danc'd, and grand rejoicings,  
By the gallant nobles made.

Now they hold a splendid bull-feast  
In the Bibarrambla square,  
And, the nuptial honors gracing,  
Many a youthful knight was there.

In the square, with savage fury,  
Raging a huge bull was seen,  
When a Cavalier undaunted  
On a charger enters in.



In a green robe, hope's fair colour,  
Cap and plumage of the same,  
Six attendants came to serve him,  
Thus appears this knight of fame.

Green alike were all their liveries,  
Such their noble Lord's command ;  
Each a burnish'd javelin bearing,  
Edg'd with silver in his hand.

By his gallantry they know him,  
By his air so fierce and bold ;  
When all eyes are turn'd upon him,  
Mighty Gazul they behold.

Gracefully he holds his javelin,  
On the square his station takes,  
Like another Mars awaiting  
Till the bull his onset makes.

Now the savage bull perceives him  
And towards him furious turns,  
Like a whirlwind he advances,  
And the ground behind him spurns.

Bounding tow' rds the steed he haitens,  
    Bends his neck, and aims the blow ;  
But so well Gazul attacks him,  
    Here he finds no common foe.


By the pointed javelin wounded,  
    Weltering in his gore he lies ;  
All his frantic courage vanquish'd,  
    With a fearful groan he dies.

Praises rung from every quarter,  
    All the court extoll'd the deed ;  
“ None,” cry'd they, “ his skill can equal,  
    “ None can Gazul's strength exceed.”

Now the royal bull-feast ended,  
    To the king and queen he bows,  
And the fair and beauteous maiden,  
    Who accepts the hero's vows.

BALLAD XVII.

A CANE-PLAY.



More than thirty in his squadron,  
All Abencerrages bold,  
On the square of Bibarrambla,  
Muza at their head behold.

By the king's command they fally  
To the noble play of canes,  
All in white and blue; their plumage  
Yellow and bright red contains.

And that they might know each other  
On their targets plumes they bore;  
This device th' Abencerrages,  
Often as they fancy'd wore.

With this motto wrote beneath them,  
Plumes this day towards the sky,  
Since they cloath the birds that own them,  
Abencerrages wave on high.

Now a second squadron enters,  
Traversing another street ;  
These are Zegries, all in dresses  
Green and purple, most complete.

All on handsome bay mares mounted,  
With their trappings rich and gay ;  
Scimitars for their devices,  
Red with blood, their shields display.

Round them all was this inscription,  
May the angry steed! confound  
Every plume that towers so proudly!—  
Alla dafh it to the ground!

Canes indeed they had provided,  
But the sport was growing hot,  
Till the king his power opposing,  
Quarrels were at once forgot.

For against th' Abencerrages  
Zegries had in concert join'd;  
Deepest villainy and mischief  
Their malignant hearts design'd.

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BALLAD XVIII.

REDUAN AND HAXA.

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Now the joyful music sounding,  
Shouts of pleasure fill the air;  
Fair Granada's choicest nobles  
For a glorious fête prepare.

Each before his lovely mistress  
Longs to shine above the rest:  
Reduan alone is thoughtful,  
Tortures rend the hero's breast.

“ Cruel, cruel Lindaraxa,  
“ Still to treat me with disdain!  
“ Can I see my rival favor’d,  
“ Whilst I burn with amorous pain!”

Thus he muses, till fierce anger  
Kindling into deeper rage,  
Drives him furious to the Vega  
With some Christian to engage.

Far behind he leaves the city,  
Down the Genil’s bank descends,  
Casting oft his eye around him,  
Tow’rds the wood of Rome he bends.

Now the pleasant wood he enters,  
And a distant combat spies,  
Four young Moors and four stout Christians  
Fighting for a lovely prize.

Fast he spurs his steed towards them,  
Two he sees the Christians slay,  
Two their beauteous charge forsaking  
Leave her to the victors prey,

Generous pity wounds his bosom  
When he sees the fair one's grief,  
Sees the pearly tears descending  
Tears that claim his kind relief.

Soon he turns upon the Christians,  
With his lance the first o'erthows,  
Wheeling round dismounts a second,  
And a world of prowess shews.

To the charge again returning,  
He the other two assails,  
Who combin'd at once attack him,  
But o'er one his arm prevails.

So beneath the reaper's fickle  
Falls the ridge of standing corn;  
So beneath the furious tempest  
Are the waving branches torn.

Wond'ring at his matchless valor,  
Both the Moorish youths draw nigh,  
The last Christian struck with terror,  
Dares no more the combat try.

From his powerful steed alighting,  
Reduan now approached the fair,  
And her beauteous form enchanting  
In an instant roots him there.

For once favor'd Lindaraxa  
Now no more his bosom bleeds ;  
Both the youthful Moors address him,  
Thank him for his noble deeds.

“ Gallant knight, so great a battle  
“ Never yet did hero win ;  
“ You have freed our much loved sister,  
“ Who had else a captive been.

“ Ronda's good Alcayde's children,  
“ Two, alas ! lie yonder dead,  
“ Two forsook this maid their sister,  
“ And o'ercome with terror fled.

“ Had we staid we too had fallen,  
“ Fall'n lik' those the Christians flew ;”  
Now in luck' y hour arriving,  
Near them some stout rustics drew.



“ Whilst, Sir knight, these rustics aid us,  
“ With our sister Haxa stay,  
“ And to our unhappy brothers,  
“ We’ll the last sad duties pay.”

Left alone with one so lovely  
Reduan blest the happy hour,  
And thus breathes his amorous passion,  
For he felt its tender pow’r.

“ To this spot did fortune bring me  
“ For extremes of loss or gain?  
“ Am I doom’d, sweet maid, to suffer  
“ Thrilling joy, or throbbing pain?”

“ Heav’n and earth I see before me,  
“ Calm and tempest, war and peace,  
“ Life and death, and hope and misery,  
“ How will this strange tumult cease!

“ Death it is to hide my passion,  
“ Hard my feelings to unfold;  
“ Tho’ I burn, at one same moment,  
“ Like the frozen Alps I’m cold.

“ Four stout Christians have I vanquish’d,  
“ Skill’d in battle’s rude alarms,  
“ Vanquish’d but to fall a captive  
“ To your own celestial charms.

“ I’m your slave, and you my mistress,  
“ That shall all my actions prove;  
“ Humbly for my bride I ask you,  
“ All I seek your valued love.”

Thus the hero spoke, fair Haxa  
Blushing answers his request,  
“ Valiant knight, of love unconscious,  
“ Never yet it touch’d my breast.

“ From the busy world sequester’d,  
“ New to me is every scene;  
“ Immature as yet my judgment,  
“ Scarce my years have reach’d fourteen.

“ But I’ve heard that fond seducers  
“ On our sex’s weakness prey,  
“ And with flattering speech beguiling,  
“ Oit the hapless maid betray.

- “ Arts like these you cannot foster ;  
“ If you love me I'm your bride,  
“ And my friends consent once granted,  
“ Nought shall our true faith divide.
- “ See where comes my weeping brothers,  
“ Brief the answer I must make ;  
“ Take this pledge of my affection,  
“ Wear it for your Haza's sake.”

Saying this a ring she gave him,  
He o'erjoy'd the gift receives ;  
Lost in extacy surveys it,  
And a thousand kisses gives.

BALLAD XIX.

REDUAN AND MAHANDIN HAMET.



With fair Haxa's charms enchanted,  
When the lovely maid he view'd,  
The bold Zegri seeks her brothers,  
And his amorous suit pursu'd.

Vaunting much his noble lineage,  
Fame illustrious, well-known worth;  
"None," cries he, "in all Granada,  
"None can boast a higher birth."

Pleas'd with such a fair alliance,  
With his rank and honors pleas'd,  
Soon the gallant youths assenting,  
From suspense the knight releas'd.

On his knees, with raptures falling,  
To the king the Zegri cry'd,  
“ A boon, my lord, a boon I covet,—  
“ Lovely Haxa for a bride.

“ Her brave brothers know my wishes,  
“ And my lineage too they know,  
“ Full of splendour, full of riches,  
“ All that Alla can bestow.”

With surprize the king beholds him  
Wondering at this new design,  
“ If her friends consent attends you,  
“ Noble Zegri, so does mine.”

Burning with impetuous choler,  
Reduan heard the bold request,  
Like a dormant lion rousing,  
Thus the monarch he address'd.

“ I forbid this hasty union,  
“ Sire, the lovely maid is mine,  
“ I have woo'd her, I have won her,  
“ Shall I then my claim resign?

“ A bright pledge has pass'd between us,  
“ Lo! the ring that Haxa gave ;  
“ With it too her heart bestowing,  
“ I am proud to be her slave.”

Furious rose the haughty Zegri,  
Furious drew his shining blade,  
Reduan full as fierce towards him,  
Not less swift advances made.

With a shout the Monarch rises,  
Who shall dare his wrath incur ?  
“ I will end this hasty tumult,  
“ Pain of death, let no one stir !”

By the hand the fair one leading,  
To the midst of the saloon,  
'Tween the two contending nobles,  
Bids her choose a guardian soon.

“ And your heart's own dictates following,  
“ None shall dare prevent the choice,  
“ See the knights, with trembling anguish,  
“ Wait your sweet assenting voice.”

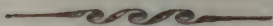
Blushing round her bright eyes throwing,  
A faint sigh the maiden heav'd,  
Driv'n to speak her thoughts so rudely,  
Much her modest bosom griev'd.

Her two brothers recent pleasure,  
In the scale at first she weigh'd,  
But fond love the balance turning,  
Soon her generous bosom sway'd.

To her dear Reduan approaching,  
“ If I'm doom'd to chuse,” she cry'd,  
“ He has woo'd me, he has won me,  
“ I will be the hero's bride.”

BALLAD XX.

REDUAN AND KING BOABDIL.



“ Reduan, you well remember,  
“ By the honor of a knight,  
“ That you swore to give me Jaen,  
“ Conquer’d in the stormy fight.  
  
“ In one night you swore to win it,  
“ And you shall have double pay,  
“ Reduan, if you perform it,  
“ Else be banish’d far away ;  
  
“ Far away from this fair city,  
“ And your lady still more fair.”  
Thus the gallant hero answer’d,  
With a brow despising care :—



“ If I said it, I’ll perform it,  
    “ This I can’t to memory bring ;  
“ Give me but a thousand soldiers,”  
    “ Five I grant you,” cry’d the king.

Through the Elvira gate now fully  
    Horse and foot, a grand parade ;  
What a world of Moorish gentry,  
    What a glorious cavalcade !

White their shields and bright their lances,  
    Wearing each a filken vest,  
All in glossy handsome liveries,  
    And gay plumes, and buskins dress’d :

With gold spurs, and silver stirrups,  
    Warriors all expert and bold.  
Knights more brave, nor troops more gallant,  
    Never did the sun behold.


In the midst comes king Boabdil,  
    Looking at the ladies fair  
In the turrets of the Alhambra ;  
    His fond mother too was there.

Hark, she cries, " May Alla guard thee,  
" And a safe return accord,  
" Give thee peace too with thy uncle,  
" Guadix and Baza's Lord!

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BALLAD XXI.

THE SALLY FROM JAEN.



Jaen's all in deep confusion,  
Hark, the brazen trumpets found!  
Warlike Moors of fam'd Granada  
Ravage all the country round.

Full four hundred gallant heroes  
Sally forth in armour bright:  
From Ubeda and Baeza  
Hastens a like troop to fight.

From Cazorla and Quefada

March two small but daring bands,  
Sons of truest love and honor,  
Swearing by their ladies hands:

By their lilly white hands swearing,  
To bestow some captive Moor;  
He that loves a beauteous maiden  
Ventures e'en to promise four.

Close beside the Riofrio

Soon a desperate fight began;  
With the bold Abencerrages  
Alabeces led the van.

Gallant is the Moors resistance,

But the Christians fight so well,  
Tho' not e'en one half their number,  
They a quick retreat compel.

Yet a mighty spoil of cattle

Bear the Moorish troops away,  
Jaen's sons return with honor,  
Proud of such a glorious day.

BALLAD XXII.

THE SAME.



Hark! the trumpets in Auduxar  
And La Guardia found th' alarms,  
And from Jaen march four hundred  
Gallant warriors, great in arms.

From Ubeda and Baeza  
March four hundred heroes more,  
All true fons of love and honor.—  
By their ladies fair they swore

Not again to see fair Jaen  
Till they some stout captive take,  
He that loves a beauteous maiden  
Four has promis'd for her sake.

Their brave bishop is their General,  
Don Gonzalo is his name.—  
Hark, Don Pedro Caravajal  
Thus in angry mood exclaim!

On, my friends! the Moorish spoilers  
Drive my cattle from the plain ;  
Had they been some simple rustic's,  
You had driv'n them back again.

One there is, I know, amongst you,  
Who my loss is pleas'd to see :  
He that wears the short white surplice,  
Fellow foldiers, that is he.

There are several Ballads in the Civil Wars of Granada duplicates to each other, introduced by these words: "Others sing this romance in a different manner."---It would be impossible to translate them, without falling precisely into the same terms of expression ; but as there was some difference in the last three verses of this ballad, we present the reader with it.

BALLAD XXIII.

THE DEATH OF THE ABENCERRAGES.



Through the tow'rs of the Alhambra  
Shouts and fearful shrieks resound,  
And the city of Granada  
Is in tears of sorrows drown'd.

Because the cruel king beheaded,  
All in one disastrous day,  
Thirty-six Abencerrages,  
Whom he did in treachery slay.

Zegries vile and base Gomeles,  
Falsely did these knights accuse ;  
Sad Granada, deeply grieving,  
Weeps her noblest sons to lose.

Men and women, little children,  
Cry as if their hearts would break,  
For these bold and generous barons,  
For their friends and parents sake.

Every house is full of mourning,  
Mourning's seen in every street,  
Not a gentleman or lady,  
But in dismal black you meet.

Zegries only and Gomeles,  
These no signs of mourning shew,  
These, whose wicked wiles, prevailing,  
Caus'd such cruel scenes of woe.

If they mourn 'tis for their kindred,  
Those indeed were not a few,  
Whom Gazuls and Alabeces,  
To revenge their falsehood slew.

In th' apartment of the lions,  
Where they triumph'd, there they fell;  
Had they found the king, he had not  
Liv'd the horrid tale to tell.

BALLAD XXIV.

THE ZEGRIES' TREASON.



Moors of birth, but souls degenerate,  
To Granada's Little King,  
What a world of treason's plotting!  
Tales of deep malignance bring.

King, they say th' Abencerrages  
Mean their country to betray,  
What a world of treason's plotting!  
Mean to take thy life away.

Hence they court the people's favor,  
Hence they seek their love alone ;  
What a world of treason's plotting!  
King they mean to seize thy throne.




Hamet too, th' Abencerrage,  
He presumes with love obscene,  
What a world of treason's plotting!  
To defile the beauteous queen.

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## BALLAD XXV.

### TUMULTS OF GRANADA.



All Granada's in a tumult,  
Full of arms and flames of fire;  
Numbers of its bravest children,  
By tormenting deaths expire.

Three fierce monarchs reign within it,  
Each pretends the right alone,  
For the sceptre each contending  
Of Granada's royal throne.

One is valiant Muley-hascem,  
And 'tis his undoubted right ;  
The other is his son Boabdil,  
Who will rule in his despite.

And the third from Muley-hascem  
Does a royal pow'r receive ;  
Almoradies and Marines  
To him the vice-gerence give.

Zegries say that king Boabdil,  
Should enjoy the crown as heir ;  
Against this th' Abencerrages  
And brave Vanegas declare.

Swearing none shall ever govern,  
But the old king high renown'd,  
Who is living and possesses  
All Granada's country round.

Civil wars and civil tumults  
Thus consume Granada's peace,  
Till the noble Muza stops them,  
And at his desire they cease.

BALLAD XXVI.

SORROWS OF AN ABENCERRAGE LADY.



“ Night and day, thou lovely mourner,  
“ Tears thy beauteous eyes bedew,  
“ Thy fair cheeks have lost their colour,  
“ Once they wore a rosy hue.”

“ True, my cheeks have lost their colour,  
“ And with tears my eyes fast stream,  
“ The stern king has slain my lover,  
“ Joy on me no more will beam.

“ To complete these wrongs so dreadful  
“ He has banish'd all my race,  
“ Banish'd far from fair Granada,  
“ From my dear lov'd native place.

- “ Woe is me, from all I cherish’d,  
“ Ev’ry valu’d object torn!
- “ When ’tis morn I sigh for evening,  
“ When ’tis night I sigh for morn.
- “ To the bosom torn with anguish  
“ Death alone can give relief;
- “ Tis the sad but certain refuge  
“ To the silent mourner’s grief.”

BALLAD XXVII.

LAMENTATIONS OF A MOOR FOR  
THE LOSS OF GRANADA.



Softly flow thou pleasant river,  
Stream that ev'ry Moor reveres;  
Let thy murmurs sooth my sorrows,  
Whilst I swell thee with my tears.

For Granada am I weeping,  
For Granada far renown'd;  
Lo! her choicest sons lie slaughter'd,  
And her streets in blood are drown'd!

All her tow'rs and fairest cities  
By the Moors esteem'd so high,  
Strong built forts and lofty castles  
Now in scatter'd ruins lie.

All her flow'ry fields and gardens,  
Gardens form'd with matchless taste,  
Where the pendent fruit hung shining,  
Now remain a desert waste.

Mosques so pure, and stately mansions,  
Seem dissolv'd in clouds of smoke ;  
Pleasant woods and lofty pine-trees  
Bow beneath the axe's stroke.

Where the joyful sports were acted  
Stalks the meagre fiend despair,  
Where the softest music founded  
Shrieks of horror rend the air.

For her spouse the frantic widow  
Tears her hair and beats her breast,  
At her cruel fate exclaiming,  
With distracting thoughts oppress'd.

And the tender piteous orphan,  
In each hopeful pleasure cross'd,  
Clinging round its helpless mother,  
Mourns a fire untimely lost.

Chang'd with grief, the lovely damsel  
Tells the empty wind her pain,  
And her hands in anguish wringing  
Weeps a faithful lover slain.

Red like blood the sun appearing  
Sheds a sanguinary gloom,  
And convulsive nature trembling  
Seems to wait a final doom.

Softly flow thou pleasant river,  
Stream that every Moor reveres ;  
Let thy murmurs sooth my sorrows,  
Whilst I swell thee with my tears.

No more on thy verdant borders  
Shall the tender lovers stray,  
And in sweet enchanting converse  
Pass the happy hours away.

No more shall the bark so smoothly  
Float along thy trembling wave,  
Nor the youths with heat all weary  
In thy crystal current lave.

On thy banks where op'ning flow'rets  
    Spread their beauties to the day,  
Oft at night the Moor shall wander,  
    To the Christian doom'd a prey.

Christians, that in war long practis'd,  
    Every peaceful thought forego,  
Christians that, in blood delighting,  
    Taught Granada's tears to flow.

Softly flow thou pleasant river,  
    Stream that ev'ry Moor reveres ;  
Let thy murmurs sooth my sorrows,  
    Whilst I swell thee with my tears.



BALLAD XXVIII.

THE LOSS OF ALHAMA.



As the Moorish king Boabdil,  
Gently to divert his care,  
From th' Elvira gate was riding  
To the Bibarrambra square.  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

Letters come that stout Alhama  
By surprize the Christians gain ;  
Furious are they torn to pieces,  
Furious is the courier slain.  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

From his mule he then alighted,  
Mounting on a powerful steed,  
Through the Zacatin ascended,  
And did to th' Alhambra speed.  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

When he came to the Alhambra,  
Then he bid the trumpets sound,  
That the Moors of all Granada  
And the plain might hasten round.  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

When the Moors of fair Granada  
Heard these warlike rude alarms,  
Singly and in pairs together  
Great the troop that met in arms.  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

Thus an ancient Moor address'd him,  
Thus he spoke, 'twas heard by all:  
" Wherefore king have you thus call'd us,  
" Why this strange and sudden call?"  
Alas! Alas Alhama!

“ Friends, it grieves me to inform you

“ Of a new and sad disgrace,

“ Christians bold have won Alhama,

“ Christians of a noble race.”

Alas! Alas Alhama!

Thus a reverend Imam answer'd,

With long beard and head quite grey :

“ King you have a good employment,

“ Well you have, and well you may,

Alas! Alas Alhama!

“ King you slew th' Abencerrages,

“ Of our city flew the flow'r ;

“ Runagates of fam'd Cordova,

“ Chusing these in evil hour.

Alas! Alas Alhama!

“ And you merit fierce chastizement,

“ Double loss and double pain ;

“ Not Granada, not your kingdom,

“ Not your life shall long remain.”

Alas! Alas Alhama!

BALLAD XXIX.

THE ALCAYDE OF ALHAMA.



“ Moor Alcayde, Moor Alcayde,  
“ Of the downy beard, I bring  
“ News disastrous, I must seize you,  
“ So commands Granada’s king.

“ For the loss of fair Alhama  
“ Must thy head the forfeit be ;  
“ High upon th’ Alhambra’s turrets,  
“ Others shall the warning see.”

“ Cavaliers and worthy nobles,”  
Thus th’ Alcayde strait reply’d,  
“ Tell the king he has no reason  
“ For Albama’s loss to chide.

- “ For I was at Antequera,  
“ To a sister’s nuptial’s call’d;  
“ Woe betide those hateful nuptials  
“ That have me and mine enthrall’d!
- “ I had first the king’s permission,  
“ Else I never there had been,  
“ Three whole weeks he pleas’d to give me,  
“ Days I did but ask fifteen.
- “ That Alhama’s taken grieves me,  
“ But let not my sovereign blame,  
“ For if he has lost his city,  
“ I, alas! have lost my fame.
- “ Lost my wife and lost my children,  
“ All I lov’d in one sad hour,  
“ Lost a daughter, none so lovely,  
“ Never bloom’d a fairer flow’r.
- “ By fair Cadiz’ noble marquis  
“ She’s a captive highly priz’d,  
“ Sums I offer’d for her ransom,  
“ But the offer was despis’d.

“ This the answer that he sent me,  
“ That a Christian she became,  
“ Call'd Maria of Alhama—  
“ Fatima her Moorish name.”

Now they brought him to Granada,  
Where the king took off his head,  
And on the Alhambra plac'd it,  
There to stand a common dread.

BALLAD XXX.

THE INVASION OF GRANADA.



Couriers swift, in speed arriving,  
Gallop thro' th' Elvira gate,  
To the king in the Alhambra  
Fearful tidings to relate.

First a noble Zegri enters,  
Clad in mourning for his friends,  
" King," says he, " sad news I bring you,"  
As upon his knee he bends.

" By the fresh Genil advancing,  
" Comes a mighty warlike train,  
" Ferdinand himself commands them,  
" He commands the flower of Spain.

“ Drums are beating, colours flying :  
“ Every Soldier knows his post,  
“ Led by brave experienc'd captains,  
“ Ev'ry captain worth a host.

“ On their banners the device is  
“ Christ a bleeding on the cross.  
“ Ah! my Lord, this mighty army  
“ Sure forebodes our total loss.

“ For they swear by that same image,  
“ Never to desert our walls,  
“ Till Granada's sons are conquer'd,  
“ Till their glorious city falls.

“ Ifabella too approaches  
“ With the spirit of a man ;  
“ Foremost in the camp and council,  
“ In each great and noble plan.

“ All Alendin's field is ravag'd,  
“ All is broken, all destroy'd ;  
“ And a Moorish squadron routed,  
“ By the Christian's fore annoy'd.



“ By a lance amidst the battle  
“ I receiv'd a dangerous wound.”  
Uttering this the bleeding Zegri  
Fainting sunk upon the ground.

Much the Moorish monarch felt it,  
Tears he shed of painful grief.—  
To his house they bear the Zegri,  
Much he needs their kind relief.

BALLAD XXXI.

GARCILASO OF THE VEGA.



Santa Fé is round encircl'd,  
The walls of waxen cloth are made,  
Tents within it shine resplendent,  
Tents of silk and rich brocade.

Dukes are here, and Counts, and nobles,  
Knights and Squires of valour great;  
These king Ferdinand assembles  
To decree Granada's fate.

At the early dawn approaching  
They perceive a mighty Moor,  
On a black steed, nobly mounted,  
Mark'd with spots of white all o'er.

Both his horse's lips were sever'd,  
O'er his teeth they could not close ;  
At the Christians proudly gnashing,  
Thus the Moor his rancour shews.

A strong coat of mail and armour  
Hid beneath his dress he wears :  
Blue and scarlet is his livery  
In his hand a lance he bears.

This vile dog with proud derision  
Every Christian knight defies,  
And the sacred Ave Maria  
To his horse's tail he ties.

At the Christian camp arriving,  
For its valiant nobles fam'd,  
In a thundering voice, imperious,  
Thus his errand he proclaim'd :

“ What bold Cavalier among you  
“ Dares with me the combat wage?  
“ Where's the knight will singly meet me,  
“ Or by pairs and pairs engage?”

Forth the gallant Christians fall,  
When this scornful speech they hear:  
Los Donceles' brave Alcayde,  
And Count Cabra first appear.

Next stout Gonzalo Fernandez  
Who from fair Cordova came,  
Don Galindo too steps with them,  
A soldier of the highest fame.

Portocarrero, lord of Palma,  
None so great in arms as he;  
And Don Manuel Ponce Leon,  
Fam'd for martial gallantry.

He that with undaunted courage  
Many a gallant feat had shewn,  
And who fetch'd the glove so bravely,  
'Mongst the hungry lions thrown.

With them fallies too their sovereign,  
Thus he cries, by passion mov'd,  
" Think not wretch t' escape my vengeance,  
" Soon my valour shall be prov'd."

Each bold knight rejoic'd to hear him,  
    Bowing, asks his gracious will,  
Hand to hand the Moor t' encounter,  
    And his royal word fulfil.

Garcilaso also joins them,  
    An adventurous daring youth,  
On his knees he craves the honor  
    To defend the cause of truth.

“Garcilaso,” thus the monarch,  
    “Life it seems too little heed,  
“Many here in strength excel you,  
    “Many here in skill exceed.”

Quite confus'd and vex'd, retiring,  
    Garcilaso takes his shield ;  
Arms, and on a black horse leaping,  
    Swiftly gallops to the field.

Dark disguise conceal'd his visage,  
    Armour does his limbs enfold :  
To the hateful Moor approaching,  
    Thus he speaks in accents bold :

“ Soon, proud Moor, thou shalt discover  
“ Many a knight of noble birth  
“ From the Christian court dares meet you,  
“ And defy your boasted worth.

“ I, the least of all these nobles,  
“ By the king’s command am sent,  
“ Soon shall you confess my valour,  
“ Soon his wrongs will I resent.”

With disdain the Moor beheld him,  
And in taunting words he spoke,  
“ Not with boys am I accustom’d  
“ Forth to deal the vengeful stroke.

“ Hence rude stripling! Let the bravest  
“ To the hostile field advance.”—  
Garcilaso stung with fury,  
Spurs his steed and points his lance.

Fiercely now the youth assails him,  
Gives a rude and weighty blow,  
When the angry Paynim felt it,  
Like a bolt he meets the foe.

Wheeling round a dreadful skirmish  
On the hostile spot began,  
Garcilaso, tho' a stripling,  
Shews the valour of a man.

With his temper'd lance he wounds him,  
Piercing thro' the massy shield,  
Deep beneath the arm it enters,  
Lifeless throws him on the field.

Now he tears the sacred Ave  
From its former place of shame,  
Kneeling thrice devoutly kifs'd it,  
Kifs'd the holy Virgin's name.

On his lance it hangs a banner ;  
Then he takes the pow'rful steeds,  
Quickly, on his own remounting,  
In his hand the Moor's he leads,

Thus his spoils and trophies bearing  
To the camp he bends his way,  
Where his sovereign, valiant Ferdinand,  
And his train of nobles lay.

Struck with wonder and amazement  
They the gallant youth behold,  
All the court refounds his praises,  
Praise a deed so wond'rous bold.

Garcilaso of the Vega,  
Hence the generous youth they call,  
For this battle on the Vega  
With the Paynim did befall.



BALLAD XXXII.

GAZUL AND LINDARAXA.



In the square of fair Saint Lucar,  
All in purple, white, and green,  
Pacing backward, pacing forward,  
Was the noble Gazul seen.

Wishing he to part for Gelves,  
And the tilt of canes to join.  
In the fête of the Alcayde's,  
For the peace the monarchs sign.

He lov'd a fair Abencerrage,  
The daughter of a gallant chief,  
Slain by Zegries and Gomeles,  
And the cruel king's belief.

Leave to take and hold sweet converse  
Still he paces to and fro,  
Turns his eyes towards the window,  
If she there her form might show.

An hour that seem'd long years was over,  
His fond hopes impatient grew ;  
When she came to the balcony,  
Short the years, and swift they flew.

He spurr'd his horse, he spurr'd him seeing  
The sun that blaz'd all-glorious round,  
Made him kneel, and, duteous bending,  
In his name to kiss the ground.

In a voice confus'd and trembling,  
“ Bleft,” he cry'd, “ with your dear fig  
“ Nothing ill can surely happen  
“ To your true and loyal knight.

“ Obligation and my parents  
“ Force me hence to go forlorn ;  
“ Give me but a pledge of kindness,  
“ That shall your Gazul adorn.”

Jealous was fair Lindaraxa,  
She with jealous love expir'd,  
Zayda, she believ'd, of Xeres,  
Zayda, her Gazul admir'd.

Thus she answer'd, “ ’Tis for Zayda,  
“ Not for me alone you burn,  
“ If in war it happens to thee,  
“ As I wish you’ll ne’er return.

“ Ne’er return to fair Saint Lucar,  
“ Gallant as you were before ;  
“ To the eyes that fondly lov’d thee,  
“ And the eyes that hate thee more.

“ Would to Alla that your falsehood  
“ In the tilt may find a foe  
“ Who may treat you as you merit,  
“ And not canes but lances throw !

“ That beneath his robes of gala,  
“ He may wear a coat of mail,  
“ And if you should seek for vengeance,  
“ You may in that vengeance fail !

“ That your friends may not assist you,  
“ But your adversaries wound,  
“ And to serve the ladies entering  
“ On men’s shoulders leave the ground!

“ And that she may ne’er lament you,  
“ Who once listen’d to your breath,  
“ But with maledictions loading  
“ Joy to hear your sudden death!”

Gazul fancy’d she was jesting;  
    (So might truth well understand)  
Rising therefore on his stirrups  
    Now he wish’d to kiss her hand.

“ May those bitter maledictions  
“ Fall, Signora,” he replies,  
“ To revenge the wrong he does me,  
“ On the Moor that me belies!

“ For my soul abhors false Zayda,  
“ And its former love repents,  
“ Curses too the years I serv’d her,  
“ And its cruel wrongs resents.

“ Leaving me for one so wretched,  
“ Rich in fortune’s gifts alone!——”  
All this heard fair Lindaraxa,  
Till her patience was quite flown.

At this moment with his horses,  
Came a page, and canes they bore,  
All in gallant plumes and trappings,  
Nothing could be fancy’d more.

He feiz’d his lance, he feiz’d it fiercely,  
Mad to see these things befall,  
And broke it in a thousand pieces,  
Riding furious at the wall.

Homeward then his steeds he order’d,  
And their plumes and trappings gay,  
Green and white he chang’d for murrey,  
That in Gelves to display.

BALLAD XXXIII.

GAZUL AND ZAYDA.



Deck'd with jewels, love's bright pledges,  
Lindaraxa's gifts divine,  
Valiant Gazul parts for Gelves,  
There the tilt of canes to join.

Four bright steeds his canes are bearing,  
All in trappings rich and gay,  
With a thousand golden cyphers  
That Abencerrage say.

All in white, and green, and purple,  
Was the noble Gazul seen ;  
Plumes the same, with one red feather,  
These adorn his noble mien.

Fring'd his drefs with gold and filver,  
On the purple fhone the gold ;  
On the green and white the filver ;  
All was glorious to behold.

In his fhield's reflendent center,  
He a bloody favage bears,  
Herculean ftrength exerting,  
A huge lion's jaws he tears.

Such the bold Abencerrages  
For their grand devices fram'd,  
Knights of valour, thro' Granada,  
For their matchlefs prowefs fam'd.

From a warm and pure affection  
To his fair one, this he bore ;  
She the beauteous darling offspring  
Of th' Abencerrage Moor.

On his fhield this gallant motto,  
" Nought excels it," did he bear ;  
Thus equipp'd the noble Gazul  
Enters Gelves' royal fquare.

Thrice ten valorous knights attend him,  
For thus Gazul had desir'd,  
All in one rich livery girded,  
None who saw them but admir'd.

Every youth, except brave Gazul,  
For devices chose the same,  
He the added cyphers bearing  
Of th' Abencerrage's name.

Now the full-breath'd hautboys sounding,  
To the sports they soon repair,  
With such wond'rous skill contending,  
That they seem'd like gods at war.

But the valiant Gazul's party  
Made their brave opposers yield,  
Not a single cane they darted,  
But it cleft some mighty shield.

In the windows and balconies  
Shone a thousand Moorish fair,  
All admiring noble Gazul,  
Lovely Zayda too was there.



Her of Xeres, call'd fair Zayda,  
Present at the royal fête,  
Clad in murrey was the \*maiden,  
Mourning thus her widow'd state.

Mourning thus her destin'd husband,  
Whom the mighty Gazul flew :  
Soon his person she discovered  
By the mounting canes he threw.

On the past events reflecting,  
When her Gazul was her slave,  
Ere unto his cursed rival,  
She her hand so rashly gave.

Ill did she reward his service,  
Ill his generous love repay :—  
Now to keen remorse a victim,  
Lovely Zayda faints away.

\* This expression will be explained in the sequel, Gazul having slain her husband on the very evening of his marriage.

When she felt her strength returning  
Thus her frighted servant spoke ;

“ Tell me, my belov'd Signora,

“ What has caus'd this dreadful shock ?”

Faltering did fair Zayda answer,  
In a voice confus'd and low ;

“ See you not yon great Alcides,

“ Who the canes so well can throw ?”

“ Gazul is the blooming hero,

“ Of illustrious parents born ;

“ Six long years he did me homage,

“ I repaid his love with scorn.

“ Though he kill'd my destin'd husband,

“ Though indeed he pierc'd his breast,

“ I the crime alone occasion'd,

“ And I'd die to make him blest.

“ Would to Alla he now lov'd me !

“ But, alas ! his passion's o'er,

“ An Abencerrage holds him.


“ And for me he pants no more.”

Now the royal fêtes were ended,  
Through the country so renown'd,  
Gazul hastens to Saint Lucar,  
With immortal honor crown'd.

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BALLAD XXXIV.

GAZUL AND LINDARAXA.



Full of trophies full of honor,  
More than Mars had ever won,  
Valiant Gazul came from Gelves,  
He was glory's fav'rite son.

Quick he hasten'd to Saint Lucar,  
Where he was receiv'd with joy,  
By his lady Lindaraxa,  
Who no longer play'd the coy.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,  
In a garden full of flow'rs,  
And in amorous converse sweetly  
Pass'd the love-devoted hours.

Breathing fondness, then a garland  
Of the choicest flowers she wove;  
Pinks and roses, in the center  
Bloom'd a fine carnation-clove.

These with fragrant violets blending,  
Now she twin'd it round his head,  
And delighted with the office  
To her Gazul thus she said :

“ Ne'er did Ganymed, believe me,  
“ Shine with beauty half so bright,  
“ If great Jupiter beheld thee,  
“ He would snatch thee from my sight.”

Round the waist he gently clasp'd her,  
Laughing with a smile so gay,  
“ Neither yet was half so lovely  
“ She the Trojan stole away.

- “ Troy was lost and burnt to ashes,  
“ So I burn with amorous fire;  
“ Cupid’s self your charms might vanquish,  
“ Cupid god of soft desire.”
- “ Lovely if I seem my Gazul,  
“ Take me, take me for thy bride,  
“ Our true faith shall ne’er be broken,  
“ Our fond hearts shall ne’er divide.”

BALLAD XXXV.

GAZUL AND ALBUNZAYDE.



When the foe of day appearing  
Spreads his dusky mantle far,  
Beaming then in beauty glorious  
Sallies forth the evening star.

With it too from fair Sidonia  
Sallies an illustrious Moor,  
Rodomonte not more valiant ;  
Over Xeres' plains he bore.

Where into the Spanish ocean  
Falls the Guadalete's stream,  
And the harbour of Saint Mary  
Takes its famous sacred name.

Though he was of noble lineage,  
In despair he mourns his fate,  
His ungrateful lady leaves him,  
Judging him of small estate.

And for this that night she marries,  
An unfeemly worthless Moor,  
Grandson to the late Alcayde  
Of Seville and Alcazor.

Much he mourns his hapless fortune,  
Much so great a wrong he mourns ;  
Xeres' echoing plain, responsive,  
All his doleful plaint returns.

“ Zayda, Zayda,” (thus he rates her,  
Madder than the stormy sea,  
When it swallows up the vessels,)  
“ Adamant is soft to thee !

“ How canst thou ungrateful fair one,  
“ After causing all my pain,  
“ Give my pledges to a rival,  
“ And my former vows disdain ?

- “ Is the peerless oak so hateful,  
“ You, its noble stock deride,  
“ And your beauteous tree leave naked,  
“ Stripp'd of all its blooming pride?
- “ Can you leave one poor tho' noble,  
“ Choos'ing one that's rich tho' poor,  
“ Nought the soul's high worth esteeming  
“ Wealth the gift of chance adore?
- “ Can you leave your faithful Gazul,  
“ Six years service quite forego,  
“ And accept vile Albunzayde,  
“ One that you so slightly know?
- “ Alla grant that he may hate you,  
“ But that you with love may burn,  
“ And when he is absent languish,  
“ Jealous of his slow return!
- “ That at table you may vex him,  
“ And may loath him in your bed!  
“ That nor night nor day bring comfort,  
“ Smiling peace for ever fled!



“ That nor in the fêtes nor Zambras,  
“ He may your initials wear,  
“ And the scarf your hands have wrought him,  
“ May his eyes disdain to bear!

“ May he take his mistress cypher,  
“ Seeking to increase your woes,  
“ Ne'er permitting you to view him,  
“ When the mounting cane he throws!

“ To the door and to the window,  
“ May you be access deny'd :  
“ And if you shou'd much abhor him,  
“ Long may you remain his bride!

“ But if you shou'd highly love him,  
“ May you soon behold him dead!  
“ Not a greater malediction,  
“ Falls upon the bridal bed.”

Thus, his hapless fate lamenting,  
Gazul enters Xeres' gates,  
Just at midnight, and discovers  
All prepar'd for bridal fêtes.

From Granada's distant frontiers,  
Here the youthful Moors convene;  
Blazing in the streets of Xeres,  
Are ten thousand torches seen.

Lamps adorn the stately palace,  
That like glittering suns appear,  
And the richest robes of gala,  
Shine in competition here.

In the midst walks lovely Zayda,  
By the hand her spouse she leads,  
On her heavenly beauties gazing,  
He his amorous passion feeds.

When he saw them fast approaching,  
Great was mighty Gazul's rage;  
Not so mad the furious lion  
Does the bloody combat wage.

But awhile his anger bridling,  
He advances with his steed,  
That no unforeseen disaster  
May prevent his purpos'd deed.

When the bridal train drew near him,  
When he saw the joyful band,  
And the bridegroom stand before him,  
On his sword he laid his hand.

In a lofty voice exclaiming,  
None but heard him that were nigh ;  
“ Think not to enjoy fair Zayda,  
“ Villain, sooner shalt thou die.

“ Yet esteem me not a traitor,  
“ Since I tell thee my design,  
“ Boldly draw thy shining sabre,  
“ As thou seest me now draw mine.”

And with this he rudely struck him,  
Quick the mighty falchion flew,  
Nothing could oppose its fury,  
But it pierc'd him thro' and thro'.

Thus the wretched Albunzayde  
Fell beneath his powerful arm ;  
“ Kill him, kill him,” cry'd his parents,  
“ Kill the man that did this harm.”

'Twas in vain not one could wound him  
Tho' he fought an host alone,  
With his nimble steed escaping,  
After such fierce valour shewn.

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## BALLAD XXXVI.

KING FERDINAND AND ALONSO DI  
AGUILAR.

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As king Ferdinand was seated  
With his lords and captains round,  
Captains brave that in Granada  
Were with glorious triumphs crown'd

\* Is there here," he cries, " a hero,  
" Toil and danger never daunt,  
" Who upon the Alpujarras  
" Will again our standards plant?"

Silence reigns, and not a warrior  
Dares accept the bold emprise,  
Till the valiant Don Alonso  
In these accents boldly cries :

“ Mine the honor, Sire, I claim it  
“ By our gracious queen’s consent,  
“ To chastize the Moors rebellious  
“ My keen sword is firmly bent.”

Pleasure fill’d the monarch’s bosom,  
And the morning’s early ray  
Saw the great and gallant warrior,  
Don Alonso, on his way.

By a thousand foot attended,  
And five hundred horse beside,  
Up the steep Nevada bending  
Tow’rds the Moorish bands he hied.

When the Moors beheld the Christians  
Firmly marching to the fight,  
Hills and brakes entrench their squadrons  
Standing on the rocky height.

Soon the deadly fray commences  
And the blood in torrents flows,  
Hosts of hostile Moors assembl'd,  
Hosts the Christian troops oppose.

Useless here the horse to combat,  
Down the mighty rocks descend,  
And with dreadful slaughter crushing,  
Heroes meet a cruel end.

Some alone, in terror flying,  
To Granada back retreat,  
But the foot with brave Alonso  
On a plain, half-routed, meet.

By the Moors oppress'd and weary'd,  
Few to stand the fray remain,  
And the sun, by numbers vanquish'd,  
Sees the valiant Christians slain.

Like a lion fights Alonso,  
Of his gallant troops bereft,  
What, alas! avails his valour,  
One alone to thousands left?

Still the Moors prefs fiercely onward;  
Not a moment's rest they leave,  
In a thousand places wounded,  
He no more the fword can heave.

Faint with lofs of blood and drooping  
Down the mighty hero fell,  
And his foul to God returning  
Left its groffer earthly cell.

Eager ftill to wound his body  
Many a spiteful lance is thrown,  
Till to Oxicar they bear him,  
To the Moors a wonder shewn.

E'en the Moorish women haften  
The fall'n hero's corfe to view,  
And rejoice to fee him perifh'd,  
Whofe ftrong arm fuch numbers flew.

A fad captive mourn'd to fee him,  
A fad Christian captive wept,  
The brave warrior when an infant  
At her breaft fhe fondly kept.

“ Hark,” she cries, “ Alas! Alonfo,  
“ Thy sad nurse beholds thee dead!  
“ Moors of these wild mountains flew the  
“ And thy soul to heav’n is fled.”


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## BALLAD XXXVII.

### GENTLE RIVER.

*By Dr. Percy.*



Gentle river, gentle river,  
Lo! thy streams are stain’d with gore  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats upon thy willow’d shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors  
Join’d in fierce and mortal fight.



Lords and dukes, and noble princes,  
On thy fatal banks were slain,  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero brave Alonso  
Full of wounds and glory dy'd,  
There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra  
Thro' the squadrons slow retires,  
Proud Seville, his native city,  
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Clofe behind a renegado  
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry,  
“ Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,  
“ Dost thou from the battle fly?

“ Well I know thee, haughty Christian,  
“ Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;  
“ Oft I've in the lists of glory  
“ Seen thee win the prize of proof.

“ Well I know thy aged parents,  
“ Well thy blooming bride I know ;  
“ Seven years I was thy captive,  
“ Seven years of grief and woe.

“ May our prophet grant my wishes,  
“ Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine !  
“ Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,  
“ Which I drank when I was thine.”

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
Back he fends an angry glare ;  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,  
Sent a deep and mortal wound ;  
Instant sunk the renegado  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded  
Bold Saavedra stands at bay,  
Wearied out, but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonso  
Long resists the Paynim bands,  
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,  
Close entrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons,  
Furious he repels their rage ;  
Loss of blood at length enfeebles,  
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,  
Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expir'd.

Count Urenna, deeply wounded,  
Slowly from the fight withdrew,  
By a skilful guide conducted,  
Who the rocky country knew.

But illustrious Don Alonso  
Nobly won eternal fame ;  
Ages shall record his glory,  
Ages shall revere his name.

BALLAD XXXVIII.

*A Fragment.*

ABENAMAR AND GALIANA.

In the Almeria gardens  
Gallant Abenamar stood,  
Fronting Galiana's palace,  
Whom with generous love he woo'd.

Thoughtful on his cloak reclining,  
And his carpet was his shield;  
With his lance fix'd firm before him;  
Much to fix the lance a-field!

With the bridle reins drawn backward  
O'er the saddle stands his steed,  
Fast between two neighb'ring land-marks,  
That he may not stray nor feed.

An almond-tree he was observing,  
Whose fair blossoms by the wind,  
By the black north-east were shrivell'd,  
Still to every flow'r unkind. &c.

# BALLADS

FROM

*LOS DOCE PARES, &c.*



BALLAD XXXIX.

OF MONTESINOS.



To the thickest of the battle,  
Where he sees the tumult rage,  
Flies the gallant Montefinos,  
Still impatient to engage.

All that his strong arm encounters  
In a moment he o'erthrows:  
Well his noble steed assists him,  
Beating down the numerous foes.

As to some fierce bull all furious  
Room where'er he turns they yield,  
Not less fierce does Montefinos  
Dart like lightning round the field.

A huge Moor he fees before him,  
Who in daring feats excell'd,  
Steep'd in blood of France his fabre,  
And with pride his bosom swell'd.

'Twas the mighty Albenzayde,  
Who a fame illustrious bore ;  
Mounted on a beauteous charger,  
Grey and dappl'd, was the Moor.

Soon as Montefinos saw him,  
With yet deeper rage he burn'd,  
Spurr'd his generous steed towards him,  
And his pointed javelin turn'd.

Dreadful was the dire encounter ;  
As he flung him to the ground,  
His stout lance, to pieces shiver'd,  
Gave a sure and mortal wound.

In the hand of Montefinos  
See the stump alone remain ;  
When he found his weapon usefess,  
Round he view'd the hostile plain.



There he saw his army ruin'd,  
And his soldiers overthrown,  
All the fleurs de Lis lie scatter'd,  
In the pow'r of Moors alone.

He no more brave Oliveros,  
Nor the lord of Breña spies ;—  
Now with blood and dust quite cover'd,  
From the fatal field he hies.

Seeking noble Durandarte,  
Who had long retir'd afar,  
With a mortal wound retreating  
From the dreadful scene of war.

BALLAD XL.

MONTESINOS.



By the blood of Durandarte,  
By the track he left behind,  
O'er a mountain Montesinos,  
Rough and steep his path inclin'd.

Onward as he penfive journey'd,  
Scarce had beam'd the morning's ray,  
When the bells of Paris founding,  
Told the early dawn of day.

With his armour hew'd to pieces,  
Soil'd with blood, no longer bright,  
His left hand the bridle holding,  
And his spear's poor half his right.

For the other half was bury'd  
    In the bosom of a Moor,  
In the famous Albenzayde's,  
    Weltering whom he left in gore.

Useless was it's fellow remnant,  
    Save to make his charger go,  
Who with pain advances forward,  
    Still with weary step and flow.

All along the greenward travelling,  
    When he saw it stain'd with blood,  
His sad bosom throb'd tumultuous,  
    Fear his noble soul subdu'd.

Dreading soon to find some Frenchman,  
    E'en the dearest of his friends:—  
Thus in deep suspense remaining,  
    Tow' rds a lofty hedge he bends.

There he saw a knight extended,  
    Who he thought his name express'd :  
Hark ! again he faintly calls him,  
    As the life's blood leaves his breast.

Montefinos does not know him,  
    Tho' he views him now so near;  
For the ribbons of his helmet  
    Will not let his face appear.

From his steed at length alighting,  
    Anguish seiz'd him when he found  
'Twas his cousin Durandarte,  
    Dying of a mortal wound.

When the warriors knew each other  
    Deeply sigh'd each noble breast,  
And his cousin Montefinos  
    Durandarte thus address'd:—

“ Long may France bewail this battle  
    “ Her best soldiers strew the plain;  
“ Brave Count Palatine Orlando  
    “ Is at Roncesvalles slain.

“ Bleeding too in pain and misery  
    “ Lo! upon the ground I lie,  
“ Well I know my wound is mortal,  
    “ Cousin, I must shortly die.

- “ But this favor I intreat you,  
    “ When my breath to heav'n is fled,  
“ And when, fast with sorrow streaming,  
    “ Your sad eyes behold me dead,
- “ Cut my heart from out my body,  
    “ And to dear Belerma bear,  
“ O my cousin, I consign it  
    “ To the lovely maiden's care.
- “ Tell her that, in battle dying,  
    “ 'Twas the last request I made,  
“ That the heart, which dearly lov'd her,  
    “ Should be to her arms convey'd.
- “ I bequeath her my possessions,  
    “ Tell her they are all her own:”—  
Uttering this the fainting hero  
    Gave a loud and parting groan.

BALLAD XLI.

DURANDARTE AND MONTESINOS.



Fall'n lies gallant Durandarte,  
Montesinos sees him die,  
And, awhile in sorrow musing,  
Heaves a deep and piteous sigh.

When he found him mute and lifeless  
And the warmth his corse forsook,  
From his friend the sword and helmet,  
And his armour off he took.

Then, with bitter anguish weeping,  
He fulfils his last request,  
And, the hero's left side opening,  
Cuts the heart from out the breast.

When he saw it lie before him,  
Loud he breath'd the voice of woe:—  
“ Cousin, like a fountain streaming,  
“ O'er thy heart my tears shall flow.

“ Never France could boast a warrior  
“ More undaunted in the fight,  
“ Mild in peace, in war a lion,  
“ Never liv'd a braver knight.

“ To the grave thy corse consigning,  
“ Yet thy virtues still shall live,  
“ And thy heart to fair Belerma  
“ Will I, as thou bidd'ft me, give.”

Deep he digs the grave, the body  
Leaving to its native clay,  
Takes a parting look, and weeping  
Bears the hero's heart away.

From all eyes his face concealing  
Till he had Belerma seen,  
Round his head the helmet fastening,  
On he rides with pensive mien.

And the gates of Paris entering,  
To Belerma's palace goes,  
To distract her gentle bosom,  
And afflict her soul with woes.

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## BALLAD XLII.

MONTESINOS AND BELERMA.



Laughing with her damsels round her,  
With a gay and sprightly mien,  
Was in France the fair Belerma,  
In her wonted beauty seen.

With a playful smile she rises,  
And her thoughts with smiles express'd,  
Was there ever yet a lady  
Like Belerma truly blest'd?



“ Gallant Durandarte loves me,  
“ Never did a knight more true  
“ Lead his gallant troops to battle,  
“ And the stubborn foe subdued.”

Least they might esteem her partial,  
She in calmer voice exclaim'd,  
“ Yet I spoke not as enamour'd,  
“ When I Durandarte nam'd.

“ Ev'ry eye that sees the hero  
“ Must his generous worth confess,  
“ Matchless in the field of battle,  
“ Nor in noble lineage less.

“ Courteous, gentle, and engaging,  
“ Could a maid her love controul?  
“ His fond image reigns triumphant  
“ In the inmost of my soul.”

As she spoke Belerma fainted,  
Falling back upon the floor;  
But recovering soon she utter'd,  
“ Evil sure is near the door.

“ Never thus my heart misgave me,  
“ Never did it feel such pain ;  
“ It forebodes some strange disaster,  
“ I am fated to sustain.”

Pearly tears her eyes fast streaming,  
Round she turn'd and from the fight,  
Slowly and fatigu'd approaching,  
Montefinos met her fight.

Pale and sad the hero's visage,  
All its former glory fled,  
On it wrote the dire misfortune,  
That Belerma seem'd to dread.

On his knees he bent before her,  
Bent before the weeping fair ;  
Fain had spoke, but could not utter,  
When he could he did not dare.

With a sigh his breath recovering,  
Hark ! he cries in accents low,  
“ News I bring you, lovely lady,  
“ News of keen distracting woe.”

“ Tell me first,” cry’d fair Belerma,  
Ready to expire with fear,

“ Where’s your coufin, Durandarte ?

“ Where he rests, and why not here ?”

“ Cold beneath a green hedge lying,

“ Cold I left the hapless youth,

“ See his heart, he bid me bring it,

“ To confirm his plighted truth.

“ Deeply wounded, just expiring,

“ ’Twas his dying last request,

“ Least the rav’nous birds should touch it,

“ That I’d take it from his breast.

“ Least such worthless guests should banquet

“ Where your lovely image lay ;

“ I fulfill’d the dreadful office,

“ And I brought the heart away.

“ Every honor, every tribute,

“ That you might in life design,

“ Now, Signora, you may pay it,

“ For this heart did your’s enshrine.”

BALLAD XLIII.

BELERMA.



O'er the heart Belerma weeping,  
Did her fatal loss deplore,  
Tears of blood her eyes distilling,  
Watery tears would flow no more.

Her fine flaxen hair dishevell'd,  
All its beautous tresses torn,  
Clasping both her hands together,  
Long she does in silence mourn.

As she view'd the heart before her,  
As she fondly view'd it round,  
With fresh drops of blood 'twas cover'd,  
Slowly falling on the ground.

- “ Precious heart of Durandarte,  
    “ Heart of one I lov’d so well,  
“ Blest in love, but not in battle,  
    “ Where in evil hour he fell.
- “ He, indeed, that brought thee hither,  
    “ Was, though passing cruel, kind ;  
“ All thy fond and faithful service,  
    “ Rushes newly on my mind.
- “ Well will I repay thy passion,  
    “ Tho’ from me all comfort’s fled.”  
Uttering this, the weeping maiden,  
    Like a willow, bow’d her head.

BALLAD XLIV.

RODRIGO AND CAVA.



King Rodrigo was enamour'd  
Of the beauteous Cava's charms,  
And he fought to win the maiden,  
Freely to his lawless arms.

“ Listen, listen, lovely Cava,  
“ To my wish,” the monarch cry'd,  
“ For I burn with tender passion,  
“ And shall die to be deny'd.”

Cava was discreet and prudent,  
And she turn'd it to a jest;  
With a blushing look she answer'd,  
And her feelings thus express'd,

“ Let your highness wave these fancies,  
“ Ill-becoming, fruitless all,  
“ Well you know the maid that listens,  
“ Must from sacred honor fall.”

But Rodrigo still persisting,  
Strove the fatal point to gain,  
Promising to make her mistress  
Of the fairest lands of Spain.

On his knees he bent before her,  
Whispering many a gentle sigh,  
Her white hand devour'd with kisses,  
Whilst he press'd her to comply.

Feigning then to sleep the Siesta\*,  
For the lovely maid he sent,  
And his fatal ends accomplish'd,  
More by force than by consent.

\* The Siesta is the short repose it is customary to take in Spain after dinner, on account of the heat of the weather.

For this deed of vile dishonor,  
For this sin all Spain was fold,  
\*Curfed Cava to her father,  
The diftracting ftory told.

Count Don Julian was the traitor,  
Who concerted with the Moor:—  
Spain was thus entirely ruin'd,  
As in vengeful mood he fwore.

\* I have chofen to preferve this harfh epithet, be-  
caufe it is characteristic, not of Cava herfelf, who,  
according to hiftory, feems not to have been greatly  
to blame, but of the ufual epithet given her in Spain,  
Mala, wicked, and Maldita Muger, curfed woman.  
There is a gate at Malaga, clofed up, probably fince  
its recapture from the Moors, called the Gate of the  
Wicked Woman, through which, tradition fays,  
fhe paffed with her father to Africa, to introduce the  
Moors into Spain.



BALLAD XLV.

KING RODRIGO.



Winds blew loud and tempests rattl'd,  
And the moon was in its wain,  
Restless in the troubl'd waters,  
E'en the fishes groan with pain.

When within a rich tent sleeping,  
All embroider'd o'er with gold,  
In his arms the lovely Cava,  
King Rodrigo did enfold.

Full three hundred cords of silver,  
Keep the tent secure and fast;  
In it were a hundred damsels,  
Each in costly robes surpass'd.

Fifty play in strains harmonious,  
Fifty all melodious sing :  
Thus a damsel spoke, nam'd Fortune,  
In the presence of the king :

“ If thou sleepest, king Rodrigo,  
“ If thou sleep'st 'tis time to wake,  
“ Daily worse and worse you prosper,  
“ All that you possess at stake.

“ You will see your people slaughter'd,  
“ And in battle fore annoy'd ;  
“ All your towns, and all your cities,  
“ In a single day destroy'd.

“ All your forts and strong-built castles  
“ Bow beneath another's hand,  
“ If you ask me who has done it,  
“ King, you soon shall understand.

“ Count Don Julian, for the daughter,  
“ You dishonor'd, then despis'd ;  
“ For this deed he vows to heaven,  
“ You shall be with death chastis'd.”

Trembling, and in deep confusion,  
At these words the monarch woke,  
And, with wan dejected visage,  
Thus in painful anguish spoke:—

“ Thank thee, Fortune, for this notice,  
“ Well do I thy accents heed.”  
As he spoke the news was brought him,  
Of Count Julian’s wrathful deed.

That unhappy Spain was ravag’d,  
And its troops were driv’n to flight;  
Hastily did king Rodrigo  
Mount his steed and join the fight.

But his foes were strong and numerous,  
Long he fought and fought in vain,  
All his captains fled the contest,  
All his soldiers fled the plain.

From the field Rodrigo flying,  
Sally’d through the camp in haste,  
Wand’ring all alone despairing,  
All his glory thus disgrac’d.

So fatigu'd his steed and weary,  
Painful 'twas to hold his way ;  
'Twas in vain to spur him forward,  
Where he would he let him stray.

With dismay the frighted monarch  
Did his senses scarce retain ;  
And with thirst and hunger dying,  
'Twas a grief to see his pain.

All with blood entirely cover'd,  
All with one ensanguin'd hue,  
From the stones the skilful slingers  
On his batter'd armour threw.

Like a saw his sword was mangl'd,  
And his crest and helmet torn,  
With deep wounds his head fast aching,  
Grief the monarch's face had worn.

High on a steep rock now climbing,  
Where he might the battle spy,  
There he saw his soldiers slaughter'd,  
And his scatter'd army fly.

There he saw his waving banners  
Torn to pieces by the foe:  
Standards 'neath their feet are trampled,  
And the ground unnumber'd strew.

Not a single chief remaining  
Could his weeping eyes explore,  
Floods of gore he saw fast streaming,  
Floods of red and crimson gore.

Much it griev'd the hapless monarch,  
Thus to see his hopes all lost;  
Vex'd he thus laments his fortune,  
On a sea of troubles tost.

“ Yesterday all Spain I govern'd,  
“ To-day not e'en a city's left;  
“ Yesterday I had towns and castles,  
“ To-day of all am I bereft.

“ Yesterday I had slaves to serve me,  
“ To-day, alas! e'en these are fled:  
“ Yesterday rich tents I slept in,  
“ To day no place to lay my head.

“ Cursed was the luckless hour that

“ First I knew a mother’s care,

“ And possess’d this hapless kingdom,

“ In a moment lost for e’er!

“ Death, how often would I thank thee,

“ Would’st thou grant my last request,

“ And, from this afflicted body,

“ Take my weary soul to rest.”

BALLAD XLVI.

RODRIGO'S PENANCE.



When unhappy king Rodrigo  
Saw the total loss of Spain,  
In despair afar he wander'd,  
No where cou'd his foot remain.

Through the mountains long he travell'd,  
Through the deserts wild and rude,  
Least the Moorish bands should seize him,  
Who his weary steps pursu'd.

Wand'ring thus he met a \*shepherd,  
Who his flocks to pasture led :  
“ Answer, good man, answer quickly,”  
Faint and low, the monarch said :

\* However strange this story, and its sequel may appear, yet such is the popular tradition all over

“ Tell me, if there be a village,  
“ Or a rustic cottage nigh,  
“ Where I may awhile repose me,  
“ For with keen fatigue I die?”

“ House and village,” cry’d the shepherd,  
“ Are in these rude wilds unknown,  
“ ’Tis in vain to look for either,  
“ There’s a hermit’s cell alone.

“ And within it dwells a hermit,  
“ Who a life of goodness leads :”  
Much the king delights to hear it,  
Some faint ray of joy succeeds.

For with this same holy hermit  
He designs his days to end :  
“ If you have to eat, bestow it,”  
Cries he now, “ my worthy friend.”

Spain. It is not known what became of king Rodrigo; Marianna says that his horse, Orelia, and his slippers, studded with jewels, were found on the banks of the Lethe, or the Guadalete, and that two hundred years after, a stone was found in the city, of Vasco, in Portugal, with this inscription; “ Here lies Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths.



From his scrip some food he gave him,  
Gave him from a cup to drink,  
Coarse the bread; the hapless monarch,  
Sighing, thus began to think:

“ Once the \*daintiest food I liv’d on,  
“ Now, alas! how hard my fare;  
“ Bread all black, with salt tears moisten’d,  
“ This alone my bitter share.”

But from his fatigue recovering,  
To the cell he ask’d the way;  
And the shepherd kindly pointed,  
That he cou’d not go astray.

Now a golden chain he gave him,  
From his finger drew a ring,  
Jewels rich he gave the shepherd,  
Highly valu’d by the king.

\* There is a word here introduced, *manjares*, whereof the following description is given in Delpino’s Dictionary:—A white meat made of the brawn of a fowl, milk, sugar, and rice, all pounded together; a great dainty.

And his toilsome steps pursuing,  
To the hermit's cell begun,  
At the destin'd spot arriving,  
Just before the setting sun.

On his knees, devoutly bending,  
Pray'rs to heaven he first address'd,  
Then towards the hermit hasten'd  
By a load of grief oppress'd.

Reverend was the hermit's visage,  
Reverend was the hermit's fame;  
When he saw the king, he question'd  
Who he was, and whence he came.

With a blush the monarch answer'd,  
Sighing deep, and weeping sore,  
“ I am wretched Don Rodrigo,  
“ Once a king, but now no more.

“ Penance am I come to offer,  
“ (Let not the design offend)  
“ Penance due to angry heaven,  
“ And to seek in you a friend.”

Much the hermit was astonish'd,  
And to comfort him he cry'd,  
“ Heaven the repenting sinner  
“ Never yet, in wrath, deny'd.”

Now to God the hermit praying,  
Begg'd him humbly to disclose,  
What the penance, hard or easy,  
He shou'd on the king impose.

'Twas at length reveal'd from heaven,  
This the step that he must take,  
For atonement, in a barrel  
Enter with a living snake.

Joyful did the hermit tell it,  
Joyful did Rodrigo hear ;  
And upon the point obeying,  
Held his life no longer dear.

Three days pass'd before the hermit  
Came the wretched king to see ;  
“ Say,” cry'd he, “ oh ! say how fares it,  
“ Are you still from danger free ?”

“ Till this hour he has not harm'd me,  
“ Pray to heaven that soon he may,  
“ For, alas! of life I'm weary,  
“ In this world I would not stay.”

Much the hermit wept to hear him,  
Kind compassion fill'd his breast,  
Words of gentle comfort, uttering,  
To Rodrigo, he address'd.

Soon departing, soon returning,  
He again the sufferer hails,  
Hears him praying, hears him groaning,  
Whilst his drooping spirit fails.

“ Now,” cries he, “ the serpent bites me  
“ In the best and tenderest part,  
“ Round my breast I feel him turning,  
“ And he bites me to the heart.”

Words of peace the holy hermit  
To Rodrigo still supply'd,  
Till, the flood of life receding  
From its last retreat, he dy'd,

BALLAD XLVII.

THE KING OF ARRAGON.



To his ancient camp retiring,  
Arragon's great king beheld,  
How the rolling tide retreated,  
How the waving waters swell'd.

Ships he sees, and strong-built gallies,  
Sailing to and from afar;  
Some for traffic richly laden,  
Some equipp'd for hostile war.

From fair Flanders some appearing,  
Some from Lombardy he sees,  
Well the warlike vessels pleas'd him,  
Long he stood admiring these.

Now he turn'd his eyes to Naples,  
Thro' th' Italian shores renown'd,  
Long its citadel observing,  
And its three strong castles round.

First the New, and then the Capuan,  
Last St. Elmo, Naples' pride;  
Like the sun it shone resplendent,  
When the weeping monarch cry'd,

“ City, city, much thou ow’st me,  
“ Lords and dukes by thee have bled,  
“ Captains brave, and soldiers valiant,  
“ Round thy fatal walls lie dead.

“ Such a brother too, so noble,  
“ Whom I valu’d as a son;  
“ One whose actions great and gallant,  
“ Oft the palm of glory won.

“ Two and twenty years you cost me,  
“ Years of life the fairest they,  
“ In thee first my beard appearing,  
“ In thee verg’d to silver grey.

BALLAD XLVIII.

BERTRAM.



Slowly thro' the field of battle,  
Thro' the field where heroes bled,  
Goes th' old man, his arms are weary  
Turning of the numerous dead.

O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen,  
Bertram still he cou'd not spy ;  
Seven times cast they lots to seek him,  
Who shou'd with the task comply.

Fortune shews in three her malice,  
And on four she sets a spell ;  
All the seven on his father,  
In a luckless moment, fell.

Now he gives his horse the bridle,  
And pursues his lonely way,  
On the road all night he travels,  
Seeks him on the heath by day.

On a lofty turret watching,  
He at length a Moor espy'd,  
And in Arabic address'd him,—  
Thus the aged warrior cry'd :

“ Saw you, Moor, a noble captain,  
“ One that's cloth'd in armour bright?  
“ Gold I'll give you for his ransom,  
“ If a prisoner seiz'd in fight.

“ But if slain his body give me,  
“ In the hallow'd ground to rest.  
“ What without the soul the body!  
“ Poor the favor I request!”

“ Friend, describe the knight you're seeking,  
“ Whom you fear some ill betides?”  
“ White's the colour of his armour,  
“ On a sorrel steed he rides.

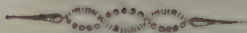


“ On his cheek he once was wounded,  
“ Where the mark is still display’d,  
“ When a little boy the wound was  
“ By a pointed javelin made.”

“ In yon meadow cold and lifeless  
“ Lies the knight you wish to greet ;  
“ In a sand-pit lies his body,  
“ In the water lie his feet.”

BALLAD XLIX.

SEQUEL TO BALLAD XLVIII.



His son's disfigur'd corse he view'd,  
And gave a deep distressing sigh ;  
With folded arms, aghast he stood,  
And rais'd to heav'n his woeful eye.


He breath'd a sad and silent pray'r,  
And smote upon his aged breast,  
And in a voice of keen despair  
The sorrows of his heart express'd.

“ Ah, woe is me ! condemn'd to find  
“ My only son untimely slain ;  
“ My streaming eyes, to grief consign'd,  
“ Proclaim a wretched father's pain.

- “ No more shall I behold my son  
    “ Returning glorious from the field,  
“ Whose manly strength the combat won,  
    “ And taught the stubborn foe to yield.
- “ The last firm prop of all my race  
    “ On earth shall I behold no more!  
“ No dastard's deeds my boy disgrace,  
    “ For lo! his wounds are all before.”

BALLAD L.

BALLAD OF THE CORSAIR.



On the sea the corsair roving  
Spies a ship with streamers gay,  
And his heart fierce transports proving,  
Longs to seize the welcome prey.

“ Friends,” cries he, “ to arms ! undaunted  
“ Oft the foe I’ve seen you brave,  
“ And by valour, justly vaunted,  
“ Triumph on the hostile wave.

“ Let not courage then desert you,  
“ Cooly to your posts repair,  
“ With your ancient skill exert you,  
“ And with me the danger share.

Onward with the breeze advancing  
Now the Christian vessel came,  
And, the captain's worth enhancing,  
He possess'd a gallant name.

Now fits eager expectation  
Glowing in each chieftain's breast,  
High on deck they hold their station,  
High they shine above the rest.

As when two fierce bulls engaging  
Meet with a tremendous blow,  
So with hostile fury raging  
Join contending foe and foe.

And as two stout wrestlers closing  
Round each other firmly clasp,  
So the warlike ships opposing  
Meet in strong and stubborn grasp.

Forth the burnish'd sabres flying  
Cast around a gleaming light,  
And the groans of heroes dying  
Soon proclaim the bloody fight.

Long with dreadful shouts contending  
Doubtful which the day should win,  
Moors with Christians fiercely blending,  
Arms they clash with horrid din.

Now the chieftains, forward springing,  
Meet with a terrific frown,  
And, their bosoms vengeance stinging,  
Seek to beat each other down.

Manly age the Christian nerving  
At the foe a stroke he aims,  
When, from his intentions swerving,  
A strange mark his notice claims.

“ Whence,” cries he, “ brave youth, oh! tell me,  
“ Whence that arrow on thy cheek,  
“ If some fortune strange befell thee,  
“ Speak, this instant quickly speak ?”

“ All I know,” the youth replying,  
“ Is that I was stol'n away,  
“ This Antonio Nuñez dying,  
“ Had but time—'twas all! to say.”

“ That Antonio once I cherish’d,  
“ He my confidence betray’d,  
“ Years and years I thought him perish’d,  
“ But he prov’d a renegade.

“ From thy nurse the villain tore thee,  
“ And the deed thro’ spite was done,  
“ Far away from Spain he bore thee—  
“ Youth, thou art my only son.”

In each other’s arms swift rushing,  
Now the chiefs their transports blend,  
And the crews, their fury crushing,  
Meet like ancient friend and friend.

BALLAD LI.

HAMET AND GAËTANA.



What lovely maid enchants my eye,  
In brightest azure drest,  
The waving plumes she wears on high,  
The crescent on her breast?

'Tis Gæetana young and fair,  
Her cheeks of rosy hue,  
Her choral lips, and graceful air,  
And eyes of sapphire blue:

Ah! these proclaim the blooming maid,  
And see her faithful knight  
Young Hamet comes with joys array'd,  
To bless her happy fight.



With transport fond the lovers meet,  
He doats upon her charms,  
She greets him with a smile so sweet,  
And flies into his arms.

---

## BALLAD LII.

RAYMOND AND SELIMA.



The fable night her mantle spread,  
And all was wrapt in sleep,  
Save Raymond, who, on sorrow's bed,  
Misfortune taught to weep.  
And O! the tears ran down his cheek,  
For in a prison lay he,  
With cold and hunger faint and weak,  
And hopeless to be free.

He mourn'd the joys, the joys long past,  
    When in his native soil,  
No evils did his glory blast,  
    He liv'd, without a toil.  
But now in chains condemn'd to work,  
    At morning's early ray,  
A captive to a cruel Turk,  
    With grief he pines away.

Aloud he utters, " Woe is me!  
    " Neglected here to lie,  
" No happy hours henceforth to see,  
    " But destin'd thus to die."  
With sighs, heart-breaking, this he said,  
    When lo! a form appear'd,  
It was a young and lovely maid,  
    And thus the youth she cheer'd.


" Raymond, awake! awake! arise!  
    " Thy chains I come to break,  
" But wilt thou thy deliverer prize,  
    " And love me for my sake?  
" A daughter of proud Ozmin's race,  
    " I long beheld thy pain,  
" And mourn'd in secret the disgrace,  
    " He doom'd thee to sustain.

“ My slaves are waiting on the shore,  
“ The ship is ready too,  
“ The joys of freedom I restore,  
“ And join my lot with you.  
“ Lo! here a casket too I hold,  
“ Then fear not fortune’s frown,  
“ Of jewels full, and weighty gold,  
“ Enough to buy a crown.”

The youth in transport kiss’d her hand,  
They stole away unseen,  
And soon he saw his native land,  
Where long he had not been.  
And long they liv’d the happiest pair,  
That Seville ever knew ;  
Young Raymond, Selima the fair,  
Like twining tendrils grew.

BALLAD LIII.

ZAMORA.



- “ Hark! hark! a dreadful shriek I hear,  
“ It comes from yonder gloomy tow’r  
“ My senses are appall’d with fear,  
“ For dark and dismal is the hour.
- “ ’Tis now that cruel rapine stalks,  
“ And murder steals forth from his den,  
“ The sheeted ghost, affrighting walks,  
“ To haunt the guilty sons of men.
- “ Again! O God! what can it mean?  
“ I’ll go through hell before me rise;  
“ My soul is equal to the scene,  
“ And death in every shape defies.”

She seiz'd the sword from where it hung,  
And swiftly from the scabbard drew,  
And thro' the door like light'ning sprung,  
And to the gloomy tow'r she flew.

“ Hast finish'd yet,” a ruffian cry'd,  
“ Hast finish'd yet thy tedious pray'r?”  
And, by a lamp's dim light, she spy'd  
The villain for the blow prepare.

He rais'd his arm, but 'ere it fell  
Upon the hapless victim's head,  
She pierc'd his heart, he gave a yell,  
And dropp'd before the trav'ler dead.

The wond'ring trav'ler turn'd his eyes,  
And scarce believ'd the happy deed,  
He gaz'd awhile in mute surprize,  
From danger thus so strangely freed.

He gaz'd again, “ Oh, tell me who  
Has timely thus preserv'd my life?”  
“ O God!” his voice Zamora knew,  
“ My Guzman, 'tis,—it is thy wife!”

BALLAD LIV.

THE HERO'S RETURN.



Ye tender maids, who love to stray,  
Where never darts the piercing ray,  
    The palmy groves among,  
O come your voices sweet prepare,  
With me the pleasing task to share,  
    The hero claims my song.

The generous hero, unexcell'd,  
Who oft the foe in battle quell'd,  
    And conquer'd to forgive;  
He stretch'd his godlike arm to save,  
And good alike, and nobly brave,  
    He bid the vanquish'd live.

Rejoice, ye maids, my honor'd lord  
Is to these arms again restor'd,  
    And war's wild tumults cease ;  
O help me tear these branches down,  
The palm his manly brows shall crown,  
    My Ali comes in Peace.

---

## BALLAD LV.

ALONSO AND GOMEZ.

---

The words between the chiefs run high,  
And lo! they breathe a proud defy,  
And swift towards the field they bend,  
In vengeance fiercely to contend.

A brave youth follows Alva's son,  
Who oft had martial glory won,  
Nor less in council highly fam'd,  
Maturest age his sense proclaim'd.

“ For shame,” he cries, “ the foe so near,  
“ For Christian chiefs to quarrel here!  
“ Aloft the gleaming fword to wield,  
“ And thus to furious paffion yield!

“ Be deeds of valour nobly fhewn,  
“ On hostile foes in war alone,  
“ And let your manly worth be try’d  
“ In glorious combat fide by fide!”

He fpoke, and fair perfuafion hung  
On Alva’s mild and friendly tongue:  
The morrow’s dawn to battle call’d,  
Nor faw the rival chiefs appall’d.

“ Be firm,” bold Alva cries, “ my friends,  
“ The Moorifh army hither bends;  
“ Remember, in the doubtful fray,  
“ ’Tis courage only wins the day.”

Where rages now the thickeft fight,  
The chieftains rufh to deeds of might;  
Opprefs’d by numbers Gomez fell,  
Alonzo’s arms the foe repell.



And now the gallant Gomez rose,  
And thunder'd on the battling foes ;  
'Ere long it was his chance to save,  
Alonzo by his valour brave.

The two bold chiefs, and Alva's son,  
That day immortal glory won ;  
And dealing many a deadly wound,  
The Moors dead corpes strew'd the ground.

Henceforth their generous worth was shewn  
By manly deeds in war alone ;  
They fought and conquer'd side by side,  
They nobly liv'd, they nobly dy'd.

## BALLAD LVI.

## ZAPHIRA, OR THE TEMPEST.

Upon a tow'r Zaphira stood,  
 And beetling o'er the clift it hung,  
 The gathering clouds of night she view'd,  
 And to her breast the infant clung :  
 For now the vivid lightnings flash,  
 And awful thunders loudly roll,  
 Below the maddening billows dash,  
 And nameless terrors fright her soul.

Her lord's proud ship rode in the bay ;  
 Around she threw a fearful eye,  
 And saw it, by the lightning's ray  
 To pieces shiver'd instant fly.  
 Aghast she shrunk, whilst o'er her head  
 Shot many a strange terrific form,  
 With hideous screams and wings outspread,  
 The demons riding in the storm.

The frightened infant from her breast,  
    Sprung wildly o'er the cliff below ;  
To heav'n she look'd, to heaven address'd  
    A sigh of deep distracting woe.  
She gave a loud and dismal shriek,  
    A wild and agonizing cry,  
And down she leap'd—can language speak  
    Her pangs, by horror driv'n to die?

BALLAD LVII.

BENSADI.



Beneath a cypress shade  
    Bensadi stands reclin'd,  
The thoughts of one dear maid  
    Steal o'er his wounded mind.  
They steal so soft and sweet,  
    Like some refreshing breeze,  
That in the summer's heat  
    Doth gently kiss the trees.


She was, in times long pass'd,  
    His bosom's only joy,  
But ah! the nipping blast  
    Did every hope destroy.  
She droop'd with sickness fore,  
    And dy'd in life's gay morn,  
The loss with pain he bore,  
    From all he valu'd torn.

Dark is the cypress shade,  
It stands on Vera's plains,  
And at its foot are laid  
His Alfa's dear remains.  
But memory still reveres  
The virtues of her heart ;  
And bitter are his tears,  
For bitter 'twas to part.

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## BALLAD LVIII.

OZMYN AND ZORAIDA.



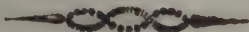
“ How hard, alas! Zoraida's heart  
“ To let her Ozmyn languish,  
“ She never felt love's cruel smart,  
“ She never knew its anguish :  
“ Or sure she would not cruel be  
“ To one that loves her dearly,  
“ Whose tender vows, from falsehood free,  
“ Are breath'd for her sincerely.

Soon, soon this poor frame to the tomb shall be sent  
For the keenest of sorrows I prove,  
Soon, soon this poor frame to the tomb shall be sent  
And then my stern parents perhaps may relent,  
And pity the victim of love.

My father is cruel, my mother unkind,  
The damsel exclaim'd with a sigh,  
My father is cruel, my mother unkind,  
And she breath'd her sad moans to the pitiless wind  
Ah, none are so wretched as I!

BALLAD LX.

TO AN AGED WARRIOR.



In the forest there flourish'd an oak,  
    'Twas the wonder and pride of the trees,  
But its branches are wither'd and broke,  
    No longer they wave in the breeze.  
The days of its glory are fled,  
    It has bow'd to the ravage of years,  
Yet its majesty still is display'd,  
    Tho' in ruins its grandeur appears.

Even so, aged Hero, thy form,  
    Tho' mark'd with full many a scar,  
When thou bor'st the rude brunt of the storm,  
    And didst triumph, victorious, in war.  
Bespeaks, tho' with sorrow we see  
    To move from thy seat is a pain,  
Thou wert tall and erect as the tree,  
    And the first of the sons of the plain.

BALLAD LXI.

THE WHITE HORSE.

---

This ballad records the forming of the White Horse, on the side of the hill, not far from Lambourn in Berkshire, supposed to have been made by order of king Alfred, in the reign of his brother Ethelred, as a monument of his victory, gained over the Danes, in the year 871, at Ashdown, not far from this hill.

---

The battle was join'd, the loud trumpets did sound,  
And rous'd the bold hearts of the Britons to arms,  
The Danes with their spears they were eager to wound,  
And the earth and the air rung with hostile alarms:  
Led on by Prince Alfred they swore not to yield,  
To conquer like Heroes or die in the field.

At the head of his soldiers stout Sweyno appear'd,  
Like a tyger still thirsting for slaughter and prey;  
His Danes to the combat he manfully cheer'd,  
And already in thought was secure of the day:  
His crest was ensanguin'd, his armour was bright,  
And white was the steed that he rode to the fight.



And now the chiefs met their fierce eyes flashing fire,  
 And brandish'd their lances aloft in the air ;  
 Oh! yield thee, prince Alfred, and tempt not the ire  
 Of Sweyno, whose mercy thy life means to spare.  
 Oh! yield thee, or death from this arm shalt thou meet  
 And my steed shall soon spurn thee beneath his proud feet

never will yield, mighty Alfred replies,  
 Nor tremble at any base Dane ever born ;  
 The threats of invaders I've learnt to despise,  
 And their mercies, insultingly proffer'd, I scorn.  
 That steed too, thy glory, 'ere long shall be mine,  
 And his form on yon hills thro' all ages shall shine,

The prince on his stirrups then gallantly rose,  
 And flung his keen lance looking where he might  
 In vain did the armour of Sweyno oppose, [wound.  
 It pierc'd to his heart, and he fell to the ground.  
 His steed then he seiz'd and the Danes swiftly fled,  
 On the field leaving thousands expiring and dead.

This battle the Muse and tradition proclaim,  
 And in history's page not unmention'd it stands ;  
 The white horse proudly tells the glad triumph to fame,  
 That ages at Ashdown has stood on the lands.  
 O Berkshire! an Alfred to thee owes his days,  
 And history and fame are both loud in his praise.

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